

That Eye Strain Makes Your Head Ache?  
It is not catarrh, nor neuralgia.  
Your eyesight is at fault.  
MALLEY, the Optician, Should be Consulted.

# The Tribune.

DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1900.

NO. 45.

## Duke of Edinburgh Dead

Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Second Son of Queen Victoria Dies of Paralysis of the Heart.

DUKE OF ALBANY IS HIS SUCCESSOR.  
Coburg, July 31.—Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, died at 10 o'clock last evening at Rosenau castle, from paralysis of the heart.

Recently, at a consultation of specialists in Vienna, it was discovered that there was a cancerous growth at the root of his tongue. By an sudden demise he escaped a painful, lingering death.

During the minority of his heir, the Duke of Albany, the government of the duchy will be conducted by the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern-Langenberg, the guardian and brother-in-law of the young Duke.

London, July 31.—The news of the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, second son of Queen Victoria, has created a sensation in London. It was totally unexpected. There were many callers at Clarence and Marlborough houses and the Lord Chamberlain's office. Flags were hoisted and the Queen was deeply affected. It is stated that the body of the late Duke will be embalmed and brought to England for interment, and that it will lie in state at Windsor.

Numerous public and semi-public functions have been abandoned and the ebbing season will be brought to a sudden close.

The funeral of the late Duke will be held at Coburg on Friday, August 3. On that occasion the Prince of Wales, who represents Queen Victoria. He will be accompanied to Coburg by either his son, the Duke of York, or his brother, the Duke of Gloucester. The Gazette orders the court in mourning for King Humbert from August 2 to August 23, and for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha from August 2 to September 13.

The deceased, Alfred Ernest Albert, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, to which office he succeeded in 1893, was born on August 6, 1844, the second son and fourth child of her Majesty Queen Victoria. He was also Duke of Edinburgh, Prince of Wales, and Earl of Kent (1896) Duke of Saxony, Duke of Inich, Cleve, and Berg, Duke of Engen and Westphalia, Langrave of Hurlingham, Margrave of Meissen. He bore the following orders:—Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Thistle, Knight of St. Patrick, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, Knight Grand Cross St. Michael and St. George, Knight Commander of the Indian Empire. He was educated at the Universities of Bonn and Edinburgh. He entered the navy in 1868, became lieutenant in 1870, vice-admiral in 1882, admiral in 1887, and admiral of the fleet in 1895. He had command of the Channel Squadron in 1884 and 1885, and was commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet from 1888 to 1889. He was elected Knight of Greece in December, 1882, but declined the honor.

He was introduced at the Privy Council in 1890, and resigned on assuming the throne of Saxe-Coburg in 1893. In this position he was succeeded by his uncle, H. H. Ernest II., the Prince of Wales having renounced his claim to the succession.

He married on January 23, 1874, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia, only daughter of the late Czar. His children are:—Alfred Alexander, hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; Princess Ferdinand of Roumania, Princess Victoria Melita, Grand Duchess of Hesse; Princess Alexandra, hereditary Princess of Hohenzollern-Langenberg; and Princess Beatrice Leopoldine.

The late Duke inherited his mother's musical tastes, and was a violinist of very high attainments. He was noted for frugality and reserved habits.

William M. Evans as a Wit.  
William M. Evans, dearly loved a joke—so dearly, indeed, that once, when secretary of state, he came high upon being the death of one of his subordinates. A consultant in the West wrote home stating that his health in that climate was bad and asking for a transfer. At that time there happened to be a vacancy in northern Sweden, and to the astonishment and dismay of all, the secretary transferred by consult was transferred to that northern sphere. The secretary finally relented and gave him a berth elsewhere.

At one time in the department of state a new elevator man had been employed who did not know Mr. Evans by sight. In his car was a conspicuous sign to the effect that by order of the secretary of state smoking was prohibited. Late in the day the secretary boarded the car in company with a famous senator, the latter smoker by habit. The new man promptly touched the smoker on the elbow and said, pointing at the notice, "Can't you read that sign?" Mr. Evans promptly rose down the offending notice and, turning to the elevator man, said: "What sign? I don't see any." The attendant, suspecting something, wisely held his peace, but he followed the pair out and asked the guard at the door who the little chap with the large head was. The guard told him.

## THE PLOT TO KILL HUMBERT.

Evidence Accumulating That It Was Arranged in New York.

Women Take a Prominent Part in Anarchist Circle—Mrs. Bresci Says She Can Only Account For Her Husband's Crime on the Theory That He Has Gone Crazy—The New King at Monza.

New York, Aug. 2.—Evidence accumulates that the assassination of King Humbert of Italy was the result of a plot conceived and executed within a few miles of this city. The only other explanation of the deed of Gaetano Bresci is that offered by his wife—that he must have been crazy.

Mrs. Bresci says that her husband was so timid that he would not try to hurt a mouse. From his prison at Monza, Italy, though he is reported as most dejected, declaring that he would repeat his act if he had the opportunity. The Italian police, too, have obtained evidence that another conspirator was in wait for King Humbert in case he escaped from Bresci. Mrs. Bresci admits that her husband took a revolver with him to Italy, although, she says, he could not shoot, and that he had one accidental companion.

Women Prominent in Anarchists.

It is noted that women appear to be intimately concerned with the assassination. Women were prominent in New Jersey Anarchist groups, and the Italian police are looking for a woman who was in Bresci's company, perhaps nursing him for the deed, shortly before the deed was committed.

Legal authorities declare that little can be done with Anarchists here, even if it is directly proved that they plotted the death of a foreign monarch, for they do not cover the case adequately.

## THE ASSASSIN'S BROTHER

Says the Act Was the Most Cowardly of the Century.

Rome, Aug. 2.—In the course of his examination yesterday, Bresci did not deny that he had been designated to assassinate King Humbert. It is believed the crime was arranged by a husband.

A man named Salvatore Quintavalli, who returned from the United States with Bresci, and accompanied him to an Anarchist meeting in Paris, was arrested at Rio de Janeiro on the island of Elba. The police found on him letters and photographs of Anarchists. Anton Lannor, who accompanied Bresci from the United States, was arrested at Palermo. In consequence of these arrests the belief in the existence of a plot is increasing.

Bresci's brother, who is a lieutenant in the Italian army, was stigmatized the crime as the most cowardly act of the century. He had no news of his brother for a long time, and thought he was still in the United States.

Parliament has been summoned to meet Aug. 6. It is expected that Queen Margherita will retire to Stresa to live with her mother.

Great excitement is reported at Milan. The troops are in readiness at their barracks to prevent a disturbance. A score of prominent Anarchists have been arrested. The police are active, and other arrests are expected.

King and Queen at Monza.

Monza, Aug. 2.—The King and Queen of Italy arrived here last evening.

Will Rest in Rome.

Rome, Aug. 2.—The Ministers have unanimously decided that the body of King Humbert shall rest in Rome. Fifteen thousand troops will pay the last honors.

Crematorium For Monreal.

Montreal, Aug. 2.—Montreal is to have a crematorium. At a meeting of the Mount Royal Cemetery Trust yesterday Mr. Richard White moved, seconded by Mr. William Clendinning, and it was unanimously resolved.

That, in accordance with the recommendation contained in the report of the Special Committee appointed by the corporation, the offer of Mr. William C. White, dated the 26th June last, which report was adopted by the trustees of the Mount Royal Cemetery Company, be approved and confirmed by the board of directors, and that the offer of Mr. W. C. White, heretofore referred to, and heretofore approved by the board of directors, be accepted, and that the corporation be authorized to take such further action as may be necessary or expedient for the execution of the said offer, upon the property of the corporation, and for the purpose of obtaining any necessary legislation.

Blindfolded Killed in Italy.

Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 2.—J. Bluff, a colored man, who resided near the tollgate, was fatally injured yesterday afternoon. As he was crossing the railway tracks, a car struck him, and he was killed. Bluff's head was badly cut, and his left ear was almost severed. His injuries proved too serious.

## CHINESE ARE STILL FIRING.

Another Letter From British Minister Sir Claude Macdonald.

On July 24 the Legations Had Provisions For About a Fortnight, and They Were Eating Their Horses—Imperial Government Had Done Nothing to Help Foreigners and Legations Could Hold Out For Ten Days.

London, Aug. 2.—(4 a. m.)—At last the story of Peking has been told. Dr. Morrison, in today's Times holds up the Chinese Government before the world as guilty, and to a degree of infamy and duplicity that exceeds the surmise of its worst detractors. In the same despatch he gives a more hopeful view of the prospects of the besieged than has been expressed by any of the others who have been heard from.

Simultaneously there comes from the Belgian Charge d'Affaires at Shanghai, an official statement that the allies are expected to reach Peking in about a week, they being 18 miles from Tien Tsin yesterday.

Another letter has been received at Tien Tsin from the British Minister, Sir Claude Macdonald, dated July 21.

"We are surrounded by Imperial troops," he writes, "who are firing on us continuously. The enemy is enterprising, but cowardly. We have provisions for about a fortnight and are eating our horses."

"The Chinese Government, if there be one, has done nothing whatever to help us. If the Chinese do not press the attack we can hold out for, say, 10 days. No time should be lost, if a terrible massacre is to be avoided."

The Chinese Government had renewed suggestion that the Minister leave the capital, but the Minister declined.

Direct From Peking.

At last Dr. George Ernest Morrison the famous Peking correspondent of the Times, writes from direct.

The following despatch from him, dated July 21:

"We have had a cessation of hostilities here (Peking) since July 18, but for fear of treachery there has been no relaxation of vigilance. The Chinese continue to strengthen the barricades around the besieged area and also the batteries on top of the Imperial city wall, but in the meantime they have discontinued firing, probably because they are short of ammunition."

Conditions Improving.

The main bodies of the Imperial soldiers have left Peking in order to meet the relief forces. Supplies are beginning to come in, and the condition of the besieged is improving. The wounded are doing well. Our hospital arrangements are admirable, and 150 cases have passed through the hospitals."

Foreign Office Got the Despatch.

The Tsung Li Yamen forwarded to Sir Claude Macdonald a copy of the despatch telegraphed by the Emperor to Queen Victoria, attributing all deeds of violence to bandits, and requesting Her Majesty's assistance to extricate the Chinese Government from its difficulties. The Queen's reply is not stated, but the Chinese Minister in Washington telegraphs that the U. S. Government would gladly assist the Chinese authorities.

Things do Not Match.

This despatch to the Queen was sent to the Tsung Li Yamen by the grand council on July 3, yet the day before an imperial edict had been issued, calling on the Boxers to continue to render loyal and patriotic services in extinguishing the Christians. The edict also commanded Viceroy and Governors to expel all missionaries from China and to arrest all Christians and compel them to renounce their faith. Other decrees applauding the Boxers speak approvingly of their burning out and slaying converts. Their leaders are stated in a decree to the princes and Ministers.

Another Decree.

"On July 18 another decree made a complete volte face due to the victories of the foreign troops at Tien Tsin. In this decree for the first time the Emperor's official proclamation, an illusion was made to the death of Baron Von Ketteler, the German Minister, which was attributed to the action of local brigands, although there is no doubt that it was premeditated and that the assassination was committed by an Imperial officer, as the survivor, Herr Cordier, can testify."

The "Brave" Chinese Generals.

"The force besieging the legation consists of the Imperial troops under Gen. Tung Lu and Gen. Tung Fung Sing, whose gallantry is applauded in imperial decrees, although it has consisted in bombarding for one month defenceless women and children, and shooting the legation compound, post, shed, strawpale, round shot and exploding bullets."

They posted proclamations assuring the protection, and, the same night, they made a general attack in the hope of surprising us. There is still no news of Peking Cathedral. The wounded number

138, including the American surgeon, Lippitt, severely wounded, and Capt. Myers, who is doing well. Seven Americans have been killed.

All to Good Health.

"All the Ministers and members of the legations and their families are in good health. The general health of the community is excellent, and we are contentedly awaiting relief."

French Legation Enlaid.

After enumerating the casualties already reported and giving the total deaths, including American as 56, Mr. Morrison proceeds as follows:—"The Chinese undermined the French legation, which is now a ruin, but the French Minister (M. Pichon) was not present, having fled for protection to the British legation on the first day of the siege."

"The greatest peril we suffered during the siege was from a determination to destroy the British legation by burning the adjoining Han Lin Yuen (National College), one of the most sacred buildings in China, sacrificing the unique library. The Chinese throughout acted with characteristic treachery."

Yet a Shanghai special says Li Hung Chang has received a decree, dated July 28, commanding him to inform the consuls that the Ministers were safe on that date. Evidently Sir Claude Macdonald was over-optimistic, as Dr. Morrison, under date of July 21, announces the arrival of supplies.

In view of this it is quite within reason that the edict announcing the safety of the Ministers on the 28th is correct.

Sir Claude Macdonald's latest letter, while a long indictment of the Chinese Government, is not nearly so much so as Dr. Morrison's despatch.

## HUNTER EXPECTS

That Heers to the Number of 4,000 Will Surrender—1,200 More Have Given Up—Hamilton Gets Others.

London, Aug. 2.—Lord Roberts has telegraphed to the War Office as follows:

"Pretoria, Aug. 1.—Hunter reports 1,200 more prisoners surrendered yesterday, with Commandants Rouse and Fontenel, while Commandants Denier, Potgieter and Louber surrendered to Bruce Hamilton, who captured 1,200 rifles, 650 ponies and an Armstrong gun."

Lieut. Anderson, a Danish officer in the Staats Artillery, also surrendered.

"Oliver, with five guns and a number of burghers, broke away in the Harpersburg district, but Hunter expects the total prisoners will amount to 4,000."

An unfortunate accident occurred near Fredericksdorp, on the Krugersdorp-Potchefstroom Railway. The enemy had torn up rails, and a supply train, escorted by the Shopshire was derailed, 13 being killed and 39 injured, although a special patrol had been ordered to prevent trains passing. A special inquiry has been ordered to ascertain why the order was disobeyed."

## Vote on Australian Federation.

London, Aug. 2.—Unofficial returns received here yesterday from Perth, West Australia, show that in the colony named the total vote for Federation was 45,510, and against Federation 17,397.

## Paris Green

Lay in a supply before the bugs get too numerous; we can supply the

## Eclipse Sprayer

That will put the mixture where it will do the most good.

W. H. STAFFORD,  
Hardware Merchant, - - DESERONTO.

## Come Early

Three Special Lines for Saturday, Monday and Tuesday.

Line No. 1—300 yards Dress Goods at 25 cents yard. These goods, owing to the big advance, would be good value at 40, 50 and 65c. Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, while they last, for 25c yd.

Line No. 2—500 yds. Prints, Ginghams and Muslins, regular 8c, 10c and 12½c goods. Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, all one price, 5c yd.

Line No. 3—50 pr Ladies Fine Dongola Oxford Shoes regular \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Saturday, Monday and Tuesday only \$1 pr.

These are of very superior quality and the price should make a speedy clearance.

Come early and participate in the money saving-bargains we are now offering in every department, as we must move out Summer Goods to make room for New Fall Goods arriving shortly.

J. J. KERR, Baker Block  
Deseronto.

## Neatly Printed Stationery

...CAN BE SECURED FROM...

The Deseronto News Company, Limited  
Printers and Publishers.

## Some Bargains That May be Secured During August.

These are New Goods—this season's style—but stock must be kept clear, hence these prices:

Fancy Dress Muslins, regular 12½ to 15c, for	8c
Fine Fancy Dress Muslins, regular 25 to 35c, for	15c
Remnants of Silk and Dress Goods,	33½ per cent off
Navy Blue Hose with White Spot, regular 35c, for	25c
A Lot of Steel Jet and Gilt Buckles and Pins, slightly tarnished, at half price	
Gloves, Laces, Collars, Ribbons, Veilings, Ties, Parasols, etc., at special prices	
White Muslin Blouses at	39c
Special Line Colored Blouses at	50c
Colored Print Blouses, plain and with white yokes, regular 90c and \$1.00, for 79c	
Mercerized Stripe Gingham Blouses, regular \$1.75, for	\$1.38
\$2.00, for	\$1.67
Stripe Print Blouses with white embroidered yoke, regular \$1.50, for	\$1.19
Balance of Summer Jackets,	25 per cent off
Trimmed Hats and Bonnets,	half price

BELLEVILLE Geo Ritchie & Co. BELLEVILLE

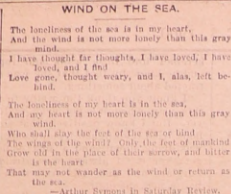


# THE BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY COMPANY

Eastern Standard Time. Taking Effect Monday, July 2nd, 1900.

Local Trains Between Deseronto and Deseronto Junction.									
STATIONS	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave
Deseronto	12:20	12:25	1:00	1:05	1:40	1:45	2:20	2:25	3:00
Deseronto Junction	12:25	12:30	1:05	1:10	1:45	1:50	2:25	2:30	3:05
Napanee	12:30	12:35	1:10	1:15	1:50	1:55	2:30	2:35	3:10
Deseronto Junction	12:35	12:40	1:15	1:20	1:55	2:00	2:35	2:40	3:15
Deseronto	12:40	12:45	1:20	1:25	2:00	2:05	2:40	2:45	3:20
Napanee	12:45	12:50	1:25	1:30	2:05	2:10	2:45	2:50	3:25
Deseronto Junction	12:50	12:55	1:30	1:35	2:10	2:15	2:50	2:55	3:30
Deseronto	12:55	1:00	1:35	1:40	2:15	2:20	2:55	3:00	3:35
Napanee	1:00	1:05	1:40	1:45	2:20	2:25	3:00	3:05	3:40
Deseronto Junction	1:05	1:10	1:45	1:50	2:25	2:30	3:05	3:10	3:45
Deseronto	1:10	1:15	1:50	1:55	2:30	2:35	3:10	3:15	3:50
Napanee	1:15	1:20	1:55	2:00	2:35	2:40	3:15	3:20	3:55
Deseronto Junction	1:20	1:25	2:00	2:05	2:40	2:45	3:20	3:25	4:00
Deseronto	1:25	1:30	2:05	2:10	2:45	2:50	3:25	3:30	4:05
Napanee	1:30	1:35	2:10	2:15	2:50	2:55	3:30	3:35	4:10
Deseronto Junction	1:35	1:40	2:15	2:20	2:55	3:00	3:35	3:40	4:15
Deseronto	1:40	1:45	2:20	2:25	3:00	3:05	3:40	3:45	4:20
Napanee	1:45	1:50	2:25	2:30	3:05	3:10	3:45	3:50	4:25
Deseronto Junction	1:50	1:55	2:30	2:35	3:10	3:15	3:50	3:55	4:30
Deseronto	1:55	2:00	2:35	2:40	3:15	3:20	4:00	4:05	4:35
Napanee	2:00	2:05	2:40	2:45	3:20	3:25	4:05	4:10	4:40
Deseronto Junction	2:05	2:10	2:45	2:50	3:25	3:30	4:10	4:15	4:45
Deseronto	2:10	2:15	2:50	2:55	3:30	3:35	4:15	4:20	4:50
Napanee	2:15	2:20	2:55	3:00	3:35	3:40	4:20	4:25	4:55
Deseronto Junction	2:20	2:25	3:00	3:05	3:40	3:45	4:25	4:30	5:00
Deseronto	2:25	2:30	3:05	3:10	3:45	3:50	4:30	4:35	5:05
Napanee	2:30	2:35	3:10	3:15	3:50	3:55	4:35	4:40	5:10
Deseronto Junction	2:35	2:40	3:15	3:20	3:55	4:00	4:40	4:45	5:15
Deseronto	2:40	2:45	3:20	3:25	4:00	4:05	4:45	4:50	5:20
Napanee	2:45	2:50	3:25	3:30	4:05	4:10	4:50	4:55	5:25
Deseronto Junction	2:50	2:55	3:30	3:35	4:10	4:15	4:55	5:00	5:30
Deseronto	2:55	3:00	3:35	3:40	4:15	4:20	5:00	5:05	5:35
Napanee	3:00	3:05	3:40	3:45	4:20	4:25	5:05	5:10	5:40
Deseronto Junction	3:05	3:10	3:45	3:50	4:25	4:30	5:10	5:15	5:45
Deseronto	3:10	3:15	3:50	3:55	4:30	4:35	5:15	5:20	5:50
Napanee	3:15	3:20	3:55	4:00	4:35	4:40	5:20	5:25	5:55
Deseronto Junction	3:20	3:25	4:00	4:05	4:40	4:45	5:25	5:30	6:00
Deseronto	3:25	3:30	4:05	4:10	4:45	4:50	5:30	5:35	6:05
Napanee	3:30	3:35	4:10	4:15	4:50	4:55	5:35	5:40	6:10
Deseronto Junction	3:35	3:40	4:15	4:20	4:55	5:00	5:40	5:45	6:15
Deseronto	3:40	3:45	4:20	4:25	5:00	5:05	5:45	5:50	6:20
Napanee	3:45	3:50	4:25	4:30	5:05	5:10	5:50	5:55	6:25
Deseronto Junction	3:50	3:55	4:30	4:35	5:10	5:15	5:55	6:00	6:30
Deseronto	3:55	4:00	4:35	4:40	5:15	5:20	6:00	6:05	6:35
Napanee	4:00	4:05	4:40	4:45	5:20	5:25	6:05	6:10	6:40
Deseronto Junction	4:05	4:10	4:45	4:50	5:25	5:30	6:10	6:15	6:45
Deseronto	4:10	4:15	4:50	4:55	5:30	5:35	6:15	6:20	6:50
Napanee	4:15	4:20	4:55	5:00	5:35	5:40	6:20	6:25	6:55
Deseronto Junction	4:20	4:25	5:00	5:05	5:40	5:45	6:25	6:30	7:00
Deseronto	4:25	4:30	5:05	5:10	5:45	5:50	6:30	6:35	7:05
Napanee	4:30	4:35	5:10	5:15	5:50	5:55	6:35	6:40	7:10
Deseronto Junction	4:35	4:40	5:15	5:20	5:55	6:00	6:40	6:45	7:15
Deseronto	4:40	4:45	5:20	5:25	6:00	6:05	6:45	6:50	7:20
Napanee	4:45	4:50	5:25	5:30	6:05	6:10	6:50	6:55	7:25
Deseronto Junction	4:50	4:55	5:30	5:35	6:10	6:15	6:55	7:00	7:30
Deseronto	4:55	5:00	5:35	5:40	6:15	6:20	7:00	7:05	7:35
Napanee	5:00	5:05	5:40	5:45	6:20	6:25	7:05	7:10	7:40
Deseronto Junction	5:05	5:10	5:45	5:50	6:25	6:30	7:10	7:15	7:45
Deseronto	5:10	5:15	5:50	5:55	6:30	6:35	7:15	7:20	7:50
Napanee	5:15	5:20	5:55	6:00	6:35	6:40	7:20	7:25	7:55
Deseronto Junction	5:20	5:25	6:00	6:05	6:40	6:45	7:25	7:30	8:00
Deseronto	5:25	5:30	6:05	6:10	6:45	6:50	7:30	7:35	8:05
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Deseronto	5:40	5:45	6:20	6:25	7:00	7:05	7:45	7:50	8:20
Napanee	5:45	5:50	6:25	6:30	7:05	7:10	7:50	7:55	8:25
Deseronto Junction	5:50	5:55	6:30	6:35	7:10	7:15	7:55	8:00	8:30
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Napanee	6:00	6:05	6:40	6:45	7:20	7:25	8:05	8:10	8:40
Deseronto Junction	6:05	6:10	6:45	6:50	7:25	7:30	8:10	8:15	8:45
Deseronto	6:10	6:15	6:50	6:55	7:30	7:35	8:15	8:20	8:50
Napanee	6:15	6:20	6:55	7:00	7:35	7:40	8:20	8:25	8:55
Deseronto Junction	6:20	6:25	7:00	7:05	7:40	7:45	8:25	8:30	9:00
Deseronto	6:25	6:30	7:05	7:10	7:45	7:50	8:30	8:35	9:05
Napanee	6:30	6:35	7:10	7:15	7:50	7:55	8:35	8:40	9:10
Deseronto Junction	6:35	6:40	7:15	7:20	7:55	8:00	8:40	8:45	9:15
Deseronto	6:40	6:45	7:20	7:25	8:00	8:05	8:45	8:50	9:20
Napanee	6:45	6:50	7:25	7:30	8:05	8:10	8:50	8:55	9:25
Deseronto Junction	6:50	6:55	7:30	7:35	8:10	8:15	8:55	9:00	9:30
Deseronto	6:55	7:00	7:35	7:40	8:15	8:20	9:00	9:05	9:35
Napanee	7:00	7:05	7:40	7:45	8:20	8:25	9:05	9:10	9:40
Deseronto Junction	7:05	7:10	7:45	7:50	8:25	8:30	9:10	9:15	9:45
Deseronto	7:10	7:15	7:50	7:55	8:30	8:35	9:15	9:20	9:50
Napanee	7:15	7:20	7:55	8:00	8:35	8:40	9:20	9:25	9:55
Deseronto Junction	7:20	7:25	8:00	8:05	8:40	8:45	9:25	9:30	10:00
Deseronto	7:25	7:30	8:05	8:10	8:45	8:50	9:30	9:35	10:05
Napanee	7:30	7:35	8:10	8:15	8:50	8:55	9:35	9:40	10:10
Deseronto Junction	7:35	7:40	8:15	8:20	8:55	9:00	9:40	9:45	10:15
Deseronto	7:40	7:45	8:20	8:25	9:00	9:05	9:45	9:50	10:20
Napanee	7:45	7:50	8:25	8:30	9:05	9:10	9:50	9:55	10:25
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Deseronto	8:10	8:15	8:50	8:55	9:30	9:35	10:15	10:20	10:50
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Deseronto Junction	8:50	8:55	9:30	9:35	10:10	10:15	10:55	11:00	11:30
Deseronto	8:55	9:00	9:35	9:40	10:15	10:20	11:00	11:05	11:35
Napanee	9:00	9:05	9:40	9:45	10:20	10:25	11:05	11:10	11:40
Deseronto Junction	9:05	9:10	9:45	9:50	10:25	10:30	11:10	11:15	11:45
Deseronto	9:10	9:15	9:50	9:55	10:30	10:35	11:15	11:20	11:50
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Deseronto Junction	9:20	9:25	10:00	10:05	10:40	10:45	11:25	11:30	12:00
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Deseronto Junction	9:50	9:55	10:30	10:35	11:10	11:15	11:55	12:00	12:30
Deseronto	9:55	10:00	10:35	10:40	11:15	11:20	12:00	12:05	12:35
Napanee	10:00	10:05	10:40	10:45	11:20	11:25	12:05	12:10	12:40
Deseronto Junction	10:05	10:10	10:45	10:50	11:25	11:30	12:10	12:15	12:45
Deseronto	10:10	10:15	10:50	10:55	11:30	11:35	12:15	12:20	12:50
Napanee	10:15	10:20	10:55	11:00	11:35	11:40	12:20	12:25	12:55
Deseronto Junction	10:20	10:25	11:00	11:05	11:40	11:45	12:25	12:30	13:00
Deseronto	10:25	10:30	11:05	11:10	11:45	11:50	12:30	12:35	13:05
Napanee	10:30	10:35	11:10	11:15	11:50	11:55	12:35	12:40	13:10
Deseronto Junction	10:35	10:40	11:15	11:20	11:55	12:00	12:40	12:45	13:15
Deseronto	10:40	10:45	11:20	11:25					





Three days later Mr. Pomeroy got this telegram: "I accept your offer quicker than instantly. For heaven's sake don't withdraw it!"

that in Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills you have a remedy that has never yet failed to cure any disease caused by impoverished blood, such as Pale Greenish or Sallow Complexion, Nervous Prostration, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia and Stomach Disorders, Headache, Depression of Spirits, Lack of Energy, Puffiness and Dark Circles under the Eyes, Pain in the Back, Kidney and Liver Disorders, and Catarrh.

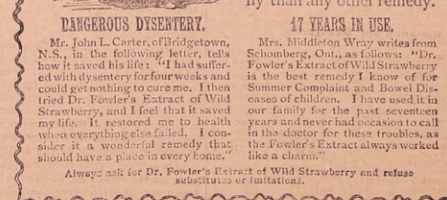
50 cts. per box, five boxes for \$4. All druggists,  
or Sam. Williams & Co., Toronto, Ont.

### Story of a Soldier's Return.

We used to think that she came and sat there and made us happy with her laughter and her bright talk. She was always a kind of my ideal of our wasn't she, Jess? But she was real or us-yellow hair, blue eyes, long voice, slender figure and all, and she used to come and sit there and rest her elbows on her knees and talk nonsense to us and contemplate the burners. And then she used to jump up suddenly in her seat, impulsive way and come and kiss us, Jess-you on that queer white spot and me right on the nose where the hair has grown thin and disappear to make tea. Yes, Jess, it was all so gloriously dear, that dream and that image.

**Counterfeit Cents.**  
One of the best judges of counterfeit

Even suspicious people, who invariably ring silver coins to detect frauds, never examine 1 cent pieces to determine their genuineness, and it is probably the safest kind of counterfeiting that a man can do, though it cannot be very profitable. The cent which this custom house man picked out differed from the others chiefly in its being more worn around the edges and very much blacker in its letters.



**Preferred to Have Her Talk.**  
They were exchanging reminiscence of a pleasant evening.  
"And what did your wife say when you got home?" asked one.  
"Nothing," answered the other.  
"Nothing? Well, you were in luck."  
"Oh, I don't know. I'd rather do much than some other thing."

# EGAR'S DRUG STORE.



















## R. MILLER'S

Mid-summer Sale of remnant  
and odd lines commences Satur-  
day morning, July 28th.

Come in and look over our  
remnant and bargain tables.

## R. MILLER

AGENT QUINTE STREAM LAUNDRY.

## Suits with Character



You want your clothes to  
reflect your individuality.

You can have them so only  
by placing your order with a  
tailor who knows how to put  
individuality and style into  
your garments.

The style and fit will suit you, we are sure. The new  
suits are more than ordinarily attractive.

## WM. STODDART, POPULAR TAILOR

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

## SAURIN.

The farmers are busy at harvest  
work in this section.

One farmer has already threshed his  
crop of wheat.

A large crowd attended the Christian  
Endeavor rally in the Presbyterian  
church at Elvaville, on Tuesday evening,  
July 31.

The raspberry crop is an abundant  
one this year and berry pickers are  
numerous. Prices range from 50c a  
pail.

## EMPEY HILL.

Several from here spent Sunday in  
Napoc.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith have returned  
from visiting friends in Arden.

A. McCullough and L. Fitzpatrick  
spent a few days last week in the  
Buckleberry fields of the north.

Mrs. J. A. Porter is spending a few  
days with friends in Deseronto.

A. Gould, of Deseronto, was home  
on Sunday.

C. Melbourne has purchased a new  
wheeler.

J. Penney spent Sunday at J. Fitz-  
patrick's.

C. Kimmery spent Sunday at B.  
Russell's.

Misses Lucy Berry and Lucy Aull  
are home for the vacation.

G. Thompson has lost his horse.

## BATH.

John Collins, of Rochester, visited his  
parents last Sunday.

Miss Lulu Fleming, of Centerville,  
is here visiting Miss Ethel Covert for a  
week.

Mrs. Shepherd and children, of Gar-  
anoque, are here visiting her uncle  
for a few days.

Mrs. B. Shibley lost a valuable horse  
last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, who have  
been here visiting her parents, have  
returned to their home.

A baby boy has arrived at the home  
of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

Will Johnson, of Deseronto, spent  
last Sunday here with his brother.

Mrs. Fred. Howard and sister, of  
California, are here to spend the  
summer with Mrs. Peterson.

Mrs. Mackey, of Kingston, is visiting  
her sister, Mrs. Darragh, for a few  
days.

Mr. McCarthen, clerk at O'Ball's  
store, had his ankle sprained one day  
last week and is unable to work.

## HALSTON.

The recent showers have done a  
great deal of good to all green crops.

A little girl has come to stay at J.  
Whalen's.

J. McNeil, of Dakota, is the guest of  
R. Shannon.

Farmers are busy harvesting. The  
rain promises a fair yield, but the  
straw will fall for most of the amount  
secured last year.

Apples are going to be scarce in this  
section.

vicinity this year. Berries were  
plentiful.

Miss Katie Mackey, of Read, spent  
Sunday in our city.

Miss Shannon, who was successful  
in winning the bicycle at the picnic,  
is enjoying the fruits of her labors.

She may be seen leisurely practicing  
on her wheel.

P. Tracy, who is working for Wm.  
Meagher for the summer, spent Sun-  
day under the parental roof.

Quite a number from here attended  
the funeral of the late Morgan  
Shangnessy, at Melrose on Friday  
last.

Miss Nellie Shannon is visiting  
friends at Campbellford.

Miss Ethel McNeil entertained a num-  
ber of friends on Sunday last.

Some of our boys are fond of going  
south. What is the attraction, boys?

## KINGSFORD.

Farmers are busy with their harvest  
work here.

E. Brennan and W. Wadingham  
have commenced threshing.

Miss Mary and M. Murphy spent  
Sunday with their parents here.

Mrs. Simmons, of Ottawa, has been  
visiting her friends here and at Lon-  
sdale.

Miss Annie McNeil, of Belleville, is  
home for a few weeks visit.

Miss Tittle, of Oshawa, is spending  
a few weeks with her cousin, Mrs. T.  
A. Gordon.

T. Winter and wife, Miss Alice  
Winter and Miss McMurray spent  
Monday at Melrose.

One of our young men went out  
driving alone Sunday night. How  
is that?

Miss Jennie McCullough, our Sun-  
day school teacher, is visiting friends  
in Deseronto.

Miss Smith was visiting Miss Gordon  
on Monday.

Mr. and Miss Bradshaw, of Robin,  
spent Sunday with their uncle, D.  
Bradshaw.

George Bradshaw spent Sunday in  
Robin.

Miss Lafferty, who has been staying  
with her aunt, Mrs. James McHenry,  
leaves to-day for Wyoming, where  
she expects to make her home in the  
future.

James Nash, of Lonsdale, visited his  
aunt, Mrs. T. Murphy, on Sunday.

John McAllister and family spent  
Sunday in Shannonville.

John Hayes, sen., for 45 years a  
resident of Peterboro, dropped dead  
from heart failure.

## CONSUMPTION

never stops because the weather  
is warm.

Then why stop taking  
SCOTT'S EMULSION

keep taking it. It will heal your  
lungs, and make them strong for  
another winter.

See and hear all druggists.

## THE MARKETS.

Wheat Futures Higher—Prices Advanced  
About a Cent a Bushel—The  
Latest Quotations.

Liverpool, Aug. 2.—Yesterday  
wheat futures closed 3/4 to 1/2 higher  
than on Tuesday.

Chicago, Aug. 2.—Wheat futures  
advanced about a cent a bushel yester-  
day and closed near parity.

Following were the closing prices  
at important wheat centres yester-  
day.

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## MARYSVILLE.

J. Marsh, his sister Anna and Mrs.  
A. Stapleton, of Fredericksburg, were  
the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. Mc  
Alpine on Sunday last.

Miss Nellie and Master Leo Drum-  
mond attended the Sons of England  
excursion on Wednesday last.

F. A. Burlingham, of Belleville, and  
H. Yeakel, of Gonzales, Texas, spent  
Wednesday and Thursday in the  
village.

Miss Clara Ryan spent a few days of  
last week with friends in Belleville.

Miss Elizabeth O'Neill, of Watertown,  
N. Y., was the guest of her cousin,  
Miss Annie Fahey last week.

W. H. Ryan and his sister Mahel,  
and Miss Lillie Andrews spent Sat-  
urday and Sunday with friends in Wel-  
lington.

Misses Annie Hanley and Tessie  
Shannon paid a flying visit to the  
village on Wednesday last.

It has been very warm here lately.  
Farmers are busy in the harvest  
fields.

The work on the schoolhouse is  
being pushed rapidly forward.

A number from here took in the  
excursion to Lake Ontario Park,  
Tuesday and report an  
enjoyable time.

Mrs. J. Shields, of Tamworth, and  
Mrs. Hunt and Little daughter are  
visiting at D. Lucas's.

Zora Vanhook, who has been ill for  
some time, is able to be around again.

Miss Nellie Campbell, of Watertown,  
N. Y., is spending her vacation with  
Miss Jean Evans.

Joe Long and children, of Peterboro,  
at Miss Matt Palmer's.

Arthur Smith is laid up for a few  
days through illness.

The telephone to Belleville is com-  
pleted, giving communication with  
the outside world.

Miss Ethel McCoy, of Iroquois,  
is visiting Levi Brown.

Another consignment of carriages  
in at Vanhook Bros.

That Charm Tea is delicious.  
Charm Coffee too. Also coupons  
are interesting. Ask your grocer.

## Canada Central Fair.

This year's programme of special  
attractions of the Central Canada Ex-  
hibition at Ottawa, which commences  
on September 14th, is beyond question  
the finest that has ever been secured  
by any exhibitors association.

The list includes chariot racing in fiery  
chariots, Professor N. R. Sutherland's  
herd of trained horses, Miss  
Lillian Stoddart's exhibition of  
feats on horse back, laughable antics  
of the celebrated trick nuns, Sparta,  
exhibitions of fancy bicycle riding in-  
cluding descent on a wheel of 60  
feet ladder from the roof of the grand  
stand to the ring, acrobats and con-  
tortionists, the whole to conclude with  
a number of acts of fire works.

The management have spared neither  
trouble nor expense in selecting and  
securing the best features procurable.

These, combined with a competition  
along every line of exhibits open to  
the world, cannot fail to give all vis-  
itors satisfaction to the utmost  
limit.

One of the most interesting  
features of the fair will be the twelve  
mile road race on foot. In this,  
athletes from the O. O. A. C. will  
enter into competition with runners  
from all over the world and the most  
interesting and race will start and  
finish in front of the grand stand.

This takes place on Tuesday, Sept. 18,  
and will be watched with great in-  
terest.

During the session of the Central  
Canada Exhibition at Ottawa last  
year, the high quality of the exhibits  
was so generally appreciated as to  
reduce their rates on the ground  
that it did not pay to make such  
sweeping reductions. This year, how-  
ever, arrangements have been made  
by which return tickets will be issued  
over all lines entering the City, with  
their connections, for one first-class  
fare and return, and the same will  
be run on special days at still  
greater reduced rates. Special rates  
will be issued to Exhibitors and their  
attendants to allow them to come to  
the city previous to the fair and re-  
turn after it is over. The public are  
advised to watch for the announce-  
ment of the roads closed in the papers  
and on posters giving all information  
as to the prevalent rates and the days  
of the special excursions together  
with fares, etc.

## Interesting Items.

No, the shirt-waist man did not go  
even in this weather.

The high quality of Charm Ceylon  
Tea merits a trial. A trial  
always pleased.

Mr. Oelrichs and Mrs. Fish are said  
to have "kissed and made up" at New-  
port, content once more to bathe in  
the same ocean.

The death is reported of John Vroo-  
man, an able and representative re-  
sident of Odesa. He was ill only for  
a few days from pneumonia. He was aged  
68 years.

Annie M. wife of Wellington  
Jeffers Diamond, barrister, Belleville,  
died Tuesday morning after a long  
illness. She was 52 years of age.

## Death to Mesquitos.

The city fathers of Winchester, W. Va.,  
have passed a law making it com-  
pulsory for the citizens to pour kero-  
sene into their yards and around the  
foundations of their houses. The law  
has been passed in the hope of ridding  
the town of mosquitoes, which have  
become a pest in the region.

The action, doubtless, is based on  
the advice of the United States De-  
partment of Agriculture, which has  
issued a pamphlet of instructions de-  
voted to the destruction of mosquitoes.

The substance of the pamphlet is  
that kerosene spread on stagnant pools  
will kill the larva of mosquitoes,  
which breed in water, for the mosqui-  
to is an air and water insect. The  
female and the larva are fatal to the  
dove the biting by the way—deposits  
her eggs in little messes in shallow  
pools, in rain barrels, water-filled  
pots, etc. They float on the surface  
and hatch out in a few days in the  
form of "wrigglers," in ponds and

## THE BIG STORE

EVERYTHING NEW!

Here's a Store bigger—and bigger by far—than any other. It keeps most everything  
that men and women want for themselves and for their children. It is enterprising,  
pushing, successful, and there's a reason why Deseronto people do more trading here than  
anywhere else.

Shoppers hardly need reminding that we have everything for which there's a  
demand in

New Dress Goods  
New Muslins  
New Shirt

New Ready-to-  
Wear Skirts

New Parasols  
New Veilings  
New

New Hosiery  
New Hats  
New Ties

New Collars  
New Shirts  
New Underwear

New Embroidery  
New Laces  
New Gloves

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The Tribune.

NO 46

# Paris Green

Lay in a supply before the bugs get too numerous ; we can supply the

# Eclipse Sprayer

That will put the mixture where it will do the most good.

**W. H. STAFFORD,**  
Hardware Merchant, - - - **DESERONTO.**

# Ladies

Have you tried the new N. C. Tailor-Kut Corset, long waist, short hip style at \$1.00?

The N. C. Tailor-Kut Corset has no equal for tailor-made costumes. It fits like a glove, and for elegance and ease it is unsurpassed. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

The N. C. Tailor-Kut Corset is made in fine Coutil Sateen Stripes, boned with rust-proof, double tipped, watchspringsteels and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

—FOR SALE AT—

# J. J. KERR'S

Baker Block, Deseronto.

## The Twin Pipe Sprayer



PRICE, \$1.00.  THE TWIN PIPE  BY MAIL, \$1.15.

The Latest Improved and Most Desirable Sprayer Made.

Its advantages are easily seen and it is PARTICULARLY ADAPTED FOR SPRAYING CATTLE, POTATOES AND SMALL TREES.

CHAS. E. BISHOP, SEEDSMAN, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

## Some Bargains

That May be Secured During August.

These are New Goods—this season's style—but stock must be kept clear, hence these prices:

Fancy Dress Muslins, regular 12½ to 15c, for	8c
Fine Fancy Dress Muslins, regular 25 to 35c, for	15c
Remnants of Silk and Dress Goods,	33½ per cent off
Navy Blue Hosiery with White Spot, regular 35c, for	25c
A Lot of Steel Jet and Gilt Buckles and Pins, slightly tarnished, at half price	
Gloves, Laces, Collars, Ribbons, Veilings, Ties, Parasols, etc., at special prices	
White Muslin Blouses at	39c
Special Line Colored Blouses at	50c
Colored Print Blouses, plain and with white yokes, regular 90c and \$1.00, for 79c	
Mercedized Stripe Gingham Blouses, regular \$1.75, for	\$1.38
82.00, for	\$1.87
Stripe Print Blouses with white embroidered yoke, regular \$1.50, for	\$1.19
Balance of Summer Jackets,	25 per cent. off
Trimmed Hats and Bonnets,	half price

BELLEVILLE

*Geo Ritchie & Co.*

BELLEVILLE







## Some Reasons

Why You Should Insist on Having  
**EUREKA HARNESS OIL**

Unequalled by any other.  
Resists hard leather work.  
Especially prepared.  
Keeps out water.  
A heavy bodied oil.

**HARNESS**  
An excellent lubricative.  
Resists cold of your harness.  
Never burns the leather; its  
efficiency is increased.  
Scenes best service.  
Stitches kept from breaking.

**OIL**  
Is sold in all  
localities.  
Manufactured by  
Imperial Oil Company.

### Identified at Last.

Glen Miller, a United States marshal in Utah, was sitting in his office at Salt Lake City one day when a well dressed and intelligent looking man entered and addressed him. "I was a student that I knew the man," said Glen in recalling the circumstances, "but I was not able to place him. As we conversed pleasantly it gradually became impressed upon me that he was an old Kansas acquaintance, perhaps some one I had known at the university, but he spoke so cordially and with such an assumption of his knowing me and my knowing him that I did not have the nerve to ask him who he was."

"In Salt Lake," continued the smiling marshal, "we have the same fashion of doing the square thing by a friend that used to prevail in Kansas. There is no prohibition law in Utah, and we found a place near by that was sufficient unto our purposes. After I had said something, and he something, we quickly got along to the stage where I invited him to my home for dinner, but all the time I was taking my mind to learn his identity and watching for a chance word that would give me a clue."

"By the way," I said at last, "when did you come out?" meaning from the States, of course. "Oh, I came out last night. You see, they cut off nine months for good behavior."

"Then it broke over me. My guest was Pete Curry, a celebrated mail robber, whom I had taken to the penitentiary just three years before."

### Her Last Drink.

In Hyde Park lives a young matron who is said to be a bit of a temperamental. It is she who drinks the very smallest amount of alcoholic stimulant before going to bed the result is sleeplessness for the remainder of the night. Some nights ago a number of friends dropped in to see the evening, and her husband, who by the way is a southerner, suggested that he make a mint julep for each of the company. The suggestion was received with delight, and the juleps were promptly mixed. In his wife's glass, however, he put only enough whisky to flavor the water, probably not more than a teaspoonful. Of this she sipped about half. The result, however, was the same. She was troubled with insomnia all night long. The next morning at 6 o'clock in the morning that she dropped off to sleep and, as a consequence, was not called for breakfast.

At 10 o'clock she came down stairs and hearing the voices of children on the front porch stopped to listen and her heart filled with motherly pride as she heard her elder son, a boy of 6, telling seven or eight children from the neighborhood that they must not make too much noise as his mamma was asleep. Imagine her horror, too, as the young couple added:

"She drank so much whisky last night that she couldn't come down to breakfast this morning."

### Something He Couldn't Wear.

A wealthy American who became a convert to Rome was very generous to Pope Leo XIII in money matters. He had done many generous things, and the pope had rewarded him with orders and medals galore. For once a year this convert made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was kindly received by the holy father as a son and generally, until the orders were exhausted, each time was bestowed with some fresh honor. On such occasions all these have metal pieces were attached to the rich American's breast.

"I'll soon end that," the pope remarked to a confidante who was at his side during the levee. "Next time I shall give him a snuffbox," which he did, and a beautiful jeweled box it was.

The following year the American turned up again and was granted an audience, when to the holy father's consternation the faithful son of the church appeared not only with all his medals, but with the snuffbox attached to his waistcoat.

"The next time," the pope said, with a comical sigh, "I shall present him with a marble topped table. It is the only thing I can think of that he can't tie to his waistcoat."

**455th Version of Jack and Jill.**  
An English grammarian has written the history of Jack and Jill on a new and original plan. The first four pages of the book are numbered 1, the next four 2, and so on up to page 8. The stories are so arranged that any page marked 2 can be read after any page marked 1, making 2000 pages. In the same way page 3 can be read after page 1 or page 2; page 4 will follow page 2 or 3 and so on through page 8. Application of this law of permutations shows that the book thus contains 50,400 stories of Jack and Jill.

### Mighty Bad Luck.

The colored man who collects paper scraps has a disabled "right." Only the thumb is of much service. Asked how it happened he looked sad and replied: "I had a piece of lead lock, boss; you, sah, mighty bad luck."

"How was that?"  
"Ah don't like tuh tell, but 'twuz mighty bad luck."

Finally he consented to explain: "Two fellows insulted me in a place across the street here, an Ah started in tuh frazzle dem out. De second fellow Ah tackled wuz stan' 'tween me an an iron piloth dat supported de roof. Jus' as Ah wuz about tuh hand him a smash on de nose dat niggah stepped on one side an mah hand struck de piloth instead. Hit done broke ebery one of mah fingurs, an dey've been stiff eber since. Yes, sah, dat wuz suthly bad luck."

"How about the first fellow you went up against? You didn't say what became of him?"  
"Oh, dat fellow? Yah, yah! Boss, Ah kin show you dat niggah any time. He wuz jus' a black from de hole. 'E ain't got no nose an only little piece one ear—"

"How'd he lose 'em?"  
"How'd 'e lose 'em? Boss, 'e didn't lose 'em. Dey wuz torn from 'an 'e de man what done hit. Ah done bit 'em bofe off. Yes, sah, Ah bit 'em off while we's rollin round on de floor—"

**A Football Incident in New York.**  
Mr. Frank W. Graves during his newspaper career witnessed many singular scenes, but the oddest one happened, according to Mr. Graves, in the old days when the big college football teams played their star games on the New York polo grounds on Thanksgiving day.

On the occasion mentioned Yale and Princeton had played and Yale had won. Going up Broadway there walked a dapper young Princeton man and a girl. Going down Broadway at the same moment were eight victorious young Yale men. They were happy, but silent, and they came straight down the street until they spied the Princeton pair.

Then still in silence, moved by a single purpose, the Yale men formed a circle, and as the other pedestrians made way for them they went around and around the Princeton pair. At first the young man was surprised, then angered, and at last he raised his cane and made a dash for liberty, whereupon the Yale men stopped and, without a word, sat upon him. They did it in football, quietly, heavily and quickly. Then, straightening themselves again into a line, the eight Yaleians stopped a moment and in concert raised their hats to the thoroughly frightened girl, who silently resumed their march down the street.

### Not Too Dead.

"I am not prepared to state that the dead can come to life," said a Pennsylvania man, "but the experiences of a friend of mine in a Pennsylvania German town would seem to incline one that way."  
"In the town where he was visiting he became acquainted with the local undertaker, and that that way was enabled to be present at the funeral of a young woman who had expired from shock at seeing her husband fall from a load of hay. He was not hurt at all, but she was, to all intents and purposes, as dead as the proverbial drop nail. The body was laid out in the parlor, and all the relatives and friends had assembled to pay their last respects to the dead.

"As is customary in that locality, a big funeral dinner was served. In the midst of the meal the parlor door opened and in walked the corpse. It didn't take a minute to clear the room, leaving the intruder from the spirit world in sole possession. The undertaker finally plucked up courage to return to the dining room and found his subject enjoying a hearty meal after her enforced fast.

"Her first question was, 'Was Jake hurt much?'"

### List's Feast of Memory.

In The Century William Mason, the veteran American musician, tells of a remarkable feast of memory performed by the composer Liszt.

My friend knew Liszt very well, and, having taken a fancy to a composition of mine, "Les Perles de Rosee," which was still in manuscript, he said: "Let me have it for publication. Dedicate it to Liszt. I can easily get Liszt to accept the dedication, he doing directly from here to Weimar and will see him about it. At the same time I will prepare the way for your reception later as a pupil."

Not long afterwards I received a letter from my friend in which he told me that when he handed the music to Liszt the latter looked at the manuscript, hummed it over, then sat down and played it from memory. Then, going to his desk, he took a pen and accepted the dedication by writing his name at the top of the title page.

### Ameliorate Travel.

Mrs. Moon says that Mrs. Swiftsmith is greatly troubled with insomnia.

Mr. Moon—Yes, I understand that she does not sleep at night, a week or so ago, that her husband told her, in his sleep, and she hasn't slept a wink since for fear of missing something—Harper's Bazar.

"The parts of New South Wales are the freest in the globe, and in some of the Australian colonies there are no discriminating or differential duties."  
"The man who tells you all these things isn't a bit of a liar, he's a man who tries to tell you all the things he knows."—Bourville Journal.

## Burdock Blood Bitters.

**CURES SCROFULA.**

Mrs. James Carr, Umfraville, Hastings Co., Ont., says: "My little boy, two and a half years old, was in a terrible condition and suffered a great deal from scrofulous sores. My husband bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters for him and gave it to him, and by the time he had finished the second bottle there was not a sore to be seen. On account of this wonderful cure I can honestly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to all who are suffering from any disease arising from bad blood."

**CURES BOILS.**

Mr. Oliver J. Murray, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes as follows: "About six months ago I was troubled with painful boils, for which I could get nothing to cure me. As a last resort I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle completely rid me of boils, and my health was never better than at present."

### To Swallow His Own Advice.

"I had a horrible dream last night," said Huddleston, when he came down to breakfast the other morning. "What was it?" asked his wife. "I dreamed that I was in purgatory and was made to do all the things I had told my friends I would do if I were in their places."

For some reason the man who has no money to buy food is never seized with a desire to acquire fame by breaking all records for fasting—Athlon Globe.

In Portugal married women retain their maiden names.

### Not an Old Acquaintance.

"Do you mean to say that the horse ran away with you?" said Mr. Meekton, agast.

"Yes," answered his wife. "He wouldn't stop when you told him to."

"Of course he wouldn't."  
"Well, Henriette, I don't know what to say except that the horse wasn't acquainted with you or else he wouldn't have dared to act in that manner."—Washington Star.

### A Sermon in Brief.

A man met a bull in a field. "I'll toss you to see who stays," said the bull. "If tossed, and this man lost. The moral is that it is never safe to indulge in games of chance, especially when all the odds are against you.—Philadelphia North American.

A conscientious person should beware of getting into a passion, for every sharp word one speaks lodges in one's own heart, and such slivers hurt us worse than any one else.

### The Stupid Thing.

"Do you think the shortest route to a man's heart is through his stomach?" asked Miss Gaby as she prepared to exhibit her skill with the chafing dish to young Dr. Powers.

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed the young physician, swelling up with the consciousness of his superior knowledge. "The shortest way to the heart is by way of an incision through the left subclavial section of the thoracic parietes."

Thus is cold science wrestling Cupid's weapons one by one from the hands of the fair sex.—Baltimore American.

### A Prize Thought.

A teacher of music in one of the public schools of the south desired to impress the pupils with the meaning of the signs "ff" and "fz" in a song they were about to sing. After explaining that "ff" meant forte he said, "Now, children, if 'f' means forte, what does 'ff' mean?"

Silence reigned for a moment, and then he was astonished to hear a bright fellow shout:

"Eighty!"—New Lippincott.

### Not Trustful.

Lord John Russell was not trustful. On one occasion he took the Duchess of Inverness down to dinner, and after he had sat down for a minute he jumped up and went to the opposite side of the table and sat by the Duchess of St. Albans.

His wife asked him afterward why he had done it. He said, "I should have been ill if I had sat with my back to that great fire."

"I hope," said Lady John, "you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inverness."

"No," he said, "I didn't, but I told the Duchess of St. Albans."

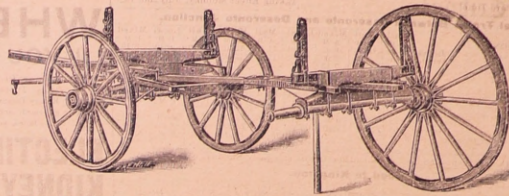
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On relating, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. (This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all druggists.)

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## The Advantages of a Finnegan Tubular Axle Over a Solid Steel Axle.

In comparison to the Solid Steel Axle, the Tubular gives a much greater circumference and larger bearing, which on average roads, is well understood to make the draught of the wagon very much lighter.

The Iron or Steel Axle, from its very slight taper, when set to bring the wheel to a plumb spoke, is not level on the bottom side, but inclines down at the point, causing great friction and consequently heavy draft. The best Solid Axles sooner or later crystallize and break near the collars; whereas, for well-known mechanical principles, a wrought steel tube, such as the Tubular Axle is made of, can never crystallize.

The Tubular or Hollow Form of Steel or Iron is recognized by all mechanics as far superior in strength to square or round steel, or iron of the same weight per foot, and is due to the principle of the arch, which is generally understood.

## The Advantages of a Finnegan Tubular Axle Over a Skein.

In comparison to the Thimble Skein, to which we must concede the same advantage of large circumference over the Solid Axle, as above stated, for the Tubular, we would call attention to the fact that the particular taper of the arm of the Tubular Axle is such that, when properly set, to bring the wheel to a plumb spoke, it is level on the bottom side of the bearings, and having never to exceed one-fourth inch gather, allows the wheel to run straight and free on soft, muddy or smooth roads, with the least possible resistance, while the Thimble Skein, owing to its very great taper when set as above, has a bearing which is not level in the wheel, but is inclined up at the point, causing friction as above stated. Thus both Solid Axles and Thimble Skeins lose the vast advantage of the Tubular, which has a level bearing in the wheel.

The Tubular Axle Spindles are finished as round and true as the finest Coach Axles, while all Skeins must, from the process of their manufacture, vary in size and be imperfect in shape, causing more or less friction and heaviness of draft.

## The Advantages of a Finnegan Tubular Axle Over a Wooden Axle.

Tubular Axles, of course, can neither decay nor warp as Wooden Axles frequently do, destroying their "set" and again adding to their draft.

The Tubular Axle being made of steel, hammered while very hot, under a spray of cold water, gives a bearing so smooth and so hard that years of use show no appreciable wear.

They are provided with cast boxes of the best quality of gray iron, which gives them the advantage of the well-known principle that two metals of different texture, wearing upon each other, do so with much less friction than when of same material.

## Strength of Tubular Axles.

To break a tube, power enough must be applied to crush or "buckle" it on one side, before it can open on the opposite side; therefore, unless there is a flaw in the metal (which is nearly impossible, as we test every piece), the Tubular Axle is many times stronger than any other make of Axle, or any part of the wagon.

A Broken Tubular Axle (of proper thickness), such as manufactured by us, can hardly be found; they will invariably stand a heavier strain or shock before springing than will break either a Solid Steel or Hickory Axle of the same estimated capacity. It is well to know in this connection that in case of one being sprung it can be heated and bent back to its original shape in just the same manner as a Solid Axle, and is no more liable to spring at the same place again than at any other point.

## Purchasers are not Buying an Experiment.

We began the manufacture of Hollow Axles in 1888, and for twenty years used iron pipe. Since its invention in 1888, we have used Steel Tubing exclusively in all styles of Axles.

All will acknowledge that experience is better than theory; we declare that by scientific tests on level roads, mountain roads and deep mud roads, wagons with the Tubular Axles, properly set, show an average of thirty per cent. lighter draft than the best Solid Axle and Skein Wagons. This is also confirmed by hundreds of drivers and owners of wagons.

Do not confound our goods with the light "tree-enforced" Hollow Axle made in imitation of the "Finnegan" and extensively advertised, but secure the old reliable thick steel Tubular Axle Wagons, made by

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All this season of the year when our true friend, the farmer, brings us in the shape of green peas, cucumbers, potatoes and such—just keep in your house a bottle of

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Mr. Roberts will be at branch office,  
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in the hall, 101  
Buck. Visiting brethren welcome.  
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R. M. JACK, R. S. R. W. HARVEY, R. S.  
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DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH  
BENEDICT LODGE NO. 30, meets on the 1st  
and 3rd of each month in the hall, 101  
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Mrs. E. A. RICH, R. S. Miss May FRICK, F. S.  
Mrs. E. A. RICH, R. S. Miss May FRICK, F. S.  
Mrs. E. A. RICH, R. S. Miss May FRICK, F. S.

LOYAL HASTINGS LODGE NO. 168.  
CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS  
MEETS on the 1st and 3rd of each month  
in the hall, 101  
Buck. Visiting brethren welcome.  
J. G. JOHNSON, Sec.

DESERONTO ORDER CHOSEN FRIENDS.  
MEETS on the 1st and 3rd of each month  
in the hall, 101  
Buck. Visiting brethren welcome.  
MRS. E. A. RICH, R. S. Miss May FRICK, F. S.

SCOTLAND YET CAMP, NO. 124, S.O.R.  
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## TOOK HIS FATHER'S ADVICE!



It is not at all surprising that many sufferers from rheumatism have very little faith in patent medicines. The public have been gulled for years by unscrupulous manufacturers who care little who they kill or cure. It is quite different with the proprietors of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure. They have a reputation at stake, worth a great deal more than a little money to be made from a temporary fake; temporary because all medicines that do not do as advertised are soon found out and discarded. Manufacturers of proprietary medicines have an intelligent people to deal with in the present age, and deception is not to be had in this way. The reliable testimonials being daily received by the Dr. Hall Medicine Company are the best proof that any firm can wish to show. John Clark, a young farmer of Pittsburg township, saved himself a lot of suffering by accepting the advice of his father, who told him he would be cured if he gave Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure a trial. One bottle cured him completely. He suffered with terrible pains in his legs and hips. The numerous other remedies he tried had no effect whatever. Mr. Clark now adds his recommendation to the many others continually coming in.

Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is put up in 30 cent bottles, containing ten days' treatment. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicine. The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

## Elephant Stories.

Talking of elephant fables, the animal trainer said:

"Take, for instance, the story of the man who stuck his foot in the elephant's trunk and years afterward was deluged with dirty water by the remembering elephant. I am surprised that any one should take this story seriously. Why, the average thickness of the elephant's little nose from half an inch to two inches deep. Now, imagine a pin going through that thickness on an errand of pain. It would swallow a pin and break a needle.

The old fashioned elephant story that has its root back of truth is the one that makes the big brute afraid of a mouse. Experience in the winter quarters of a show, where mice and rats thrive, convinces one of this fact. A mouse will make an entire hole noisy with flight, and a rat will put them in a condition of desperate fear. An elephant may defend itself against a lion, tiger or any other natural enemy, but the insignificant size of a mouse baffles his conception of offense or defense against it. The mouse is too quick to be crushed underfoot or to be caught by his trunk, and it can scamp over his rough hide with impunity. The elephant realizes his helplessness against such a diminutive foe and learns to fear it as he fears no other animal."

## Little White Ape Everything.

Until they are trained to eat properly youngsters are usually like little pigs. They "root" through everything and leave a name after them. Willie, 6 years old, has a pair of parents who try to break him of the habit of taking things on his plate that he cannot eat and leaving much to go to waste. He is in a hurry to get rid of them, but his vain efforts are of no avail.

"You must eat the crust, too, Willie," his mamma will say, and Willie will dutifully eat the crust.

"Don't take such a large piece of cake, Willie, unless you can eat it," his papa will say, and Willie will take it and stuff himself with it rather than to leave a crumb for his father to grumble about.

The other day Willie was invited to a birthday party. His mother dressed him in his best clothes.

"Now, little Willie," was the last thing she said to him: "eat everything you take on your plate."

Willie came home that evening with severe pains. The little girl in whose house the party was given was 23 years old. Her mother had baked a birthday cake, and part of the scheme of commemoration of it was 13 wax candles. There were twelve of them on the plate that was put on Willie's plate.

## Woman's Weakness

A woman's reproductive organs are in the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder in the kidneys brings about a corresponding disorder in the reproductive organs. Doan's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those fearful disorders peculiar to women. Failing young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is

Doan's Kidney Pills

could neither die nor go away until he had killed you."

"It will be murder—cold blooded murder," replied the colonel as he folded his arms.

"Over 1,000 men, you suppose I can't get it done?" asked the man.

"Who separated us? Who maligned me? Who wrecked my life and sent her to a suicide's grave? Who drove me to be a fugitive from justice on a false charge? I'll kill you if 1,000 men surrounded me."

The colonel was silent for a time. He did not look at his boy, but just him. The boy's eyes were fastened on his face, however, and a chill crept over him as he noted the look of a man standing in the shadow of death. It was the first time he had ever seen it. He turned from his father after awhile to look at the soldier.

There was another look strange to him. It was a set determination to kill—the look of a man who had hated and thirsted and waited.

"Take the boy away first," said the colonel with a touch of entreaty in his voice.

"Yes; that will be proper," answered the colonel. "Come, Jimmy, let's take a walk."

"What would you go to do with father?" whispered the boy as he walked slowly over and put his hand in that of the would be murderer.

"Never mind. Do you see that big rock up there?"

"Yes, it is hidden behind it. Shake hands with your father before you go."

The boy crossed over to his father in a puzzled way, and the father lifted him up and kissed him. "When he put his arms round his father's neck,"

"Run down, Jimmy. If you don't mind when you come back, Mr. Pelton will take care of you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pelton will take care of me and see that I get home," replied the boy.

"And I'll see to it that you get home," said the colonel.

"I was saying only a week ago that I wish I was back with us so that he could mend my wound and help me make kites. Mr. Pelton was always good to me. I won't be gone long and you and Mr. Pelton must be good friends. Don't you remember that mother said she was sorry for him? We want him back, don't we?"

Little Jimmy started off for the rock. But he hadn't taken ten steps before he was back to say to the soldier:

"And I want you to make me a new water wheel, and the handle has come out of the hammer, and nobody will sharpen my knife for me. If you don't come back, I don't know what I shall do."

"Perhaps I'll come back," whispered Pelton as he turned his head away.

"Oh, but you surely must. I've heard lots of people say you were a good man and shouldn't have gone away. Mother told me if I ever met you I might speak to you just as I used to. I'm going now, but remember that you are coming back."

The boy went away almost gleefully, and the two men heard his footsteps and his voice as he made his way to the rock. The father looked after him until he was hidden by the trees and then turned to the soldier and quietly said:

"Before he got home? And you'll help him to get home?"

"Yes, before he comes back," replied Pelton as he drew his revolver.

"Pelton as he drew his revolver. I'll simply be retribution. Do you want a minute or two to ask God to forgive you?"

The colonel set erect with folded arms. He closed his eyes and his lips moved. By and by he heard the click of the pistol. He did not open his eyes, but he felt that it was leveled at his heart and that his life was measured by seconds. Of a sudden came a call from little Jimmy. "Hurry! Hurry! He had turned about to shoot."

"Oh, Mr. Pelton, don't forget to think up some new Indian and bear stories to tell me. Nobody has told me a story since you went away."

The colonel's face opened. The revolver was lying on the ground, and Pelton had his hands over his face. When he dropped them, there were tears in his eyes. He rose up, put the pistol in his pocket and said to the man waiting for him:

"I can't do it. Little Jimmy would know it some day. When he comes back, take him and go down to the road. It's only three miles to Cedarville."

With that he walked off into the brush and was out of sight in a moment. When Little Jimmy returned, he found his father sitting as he had left him and gazing into the woods.

"What is it, father?" he asked.

"What's the matter with you and where is Mr. Pelton?"

The man rose up slowly, took his boy's hand in his, and without a word in answer he led the way down to the strange land and safety.

## The Dry Battery.

The dry battery, so called, has almost completely supplanted the older wet battery for electric bell work, etc., on account of its greater convenience and lack of the disagreeable, sloppy qualities possessed by its predecessor. Somebody has defined a dry battery as one that is always wet inside and a wet battery as one that often dries up. It is precisely so; the dry battery is permanently wet inside. It is generally made up of a zinc cylinder or cup, in which is supported a carbon stick or rod, surrounded by an acid porous substance, such as "excelsior" or other fiber, mineral wool or plaster of paris. This is saturated with the active chemical, an ammonium generally, in a solution made stiff with gelatin. The whole is then sealed with pitch or some similar compound and is ready for use. These batteries are made in vast quantities and so cheaply that when one becomes exhausted it is simply thrown away and replaced with a new one.

## Her Damaged Horn.

"Well, well," remarked the maiden all forlorn to the cow with the crumpled horn, "you remind me of a bicycle that has been in collision with something."

The cow ceased ruminating long enough to inquire, "Why?"

"I observe," said she, "that one of your handle bars is twisted."—Philadelphia Press.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for a man who appreciates their value, but too many men judge both from the beauty of their covering.

Where the sun does not enter the door must go—Italian Proverb.

## The Generals of a Patient.

One night in 1870 the Duke of Gloucester, the royal brother of George III, then hiding from his kingly brother's wrath in Paris, was regaling a table party of aristocrats at the expense of the King of England with a fraudulent account of the "Boston tea party." His cynical sympathy was expressed for the American rebels, and he dwelt upon the need for resistance to fight against his brother. The table lounged at the tale, which was the first of the most of them had heard directly on the proreposition of freedom of the press. The duke, a silent, solemn young soldier who had listened intently to the recital until the dinner was finished. Then he strode across the room to the duke.

"I will join the Americans! I will help them fight for freedom! Tell me how to set about it!" he cried, his face pale, his lips quivering.

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## Fainting Spells

Are peculiar to women. Men rarely faint. Many women are liable to what they term "fainting spells," and this liability is always most marked at the monthly period. This alone is sufficient to connect the "fainting spell" with the condition of the monthly organs.

The use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures irregularity, heals inflammation and restores the system, increases the vital powers, and so removes the common causes of faintness in women. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," neither does it contain opium, cocaine, nor any other dangerous drug.

"It gives me much pleasure," writes Miss E. J. C. of New York City, "to state that I have been cured of my fainting spells by the use of your Favorite Prescription. I had been suffering from it for many years, and it was a great relief to me when I found that I was cured by your medicine."

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# NEW FALL GOODS ARE COMING TO HAND

But We Have Still Some Lines of SUMMER GOODS to Clear Out.

We are just cutting the price of many lines in two.  
Call and see what we are doing.

## R. MILLER,

AGENT QUINTE STEAM LAUNDRY.

## Suits with Character



You want your clothes to reflect your individuality.  
You can have them so only by placing your order with a tailor who knows how to put individuality and style into your garments.

The style and fit will suit you, we are sure. The new suitings are more than ordinarily attractive.

## WM. STODDART, TAILOR

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

### BLESSINGTON.

The farmers of this vicinity are nearly done harvesting and the threshing machines are beginning their work once more.

Miss May Balesque was visiting her friend Miss Lizzie Robertson last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Osborne and family of Toronto are spending a few days with friends here.

Mr. William Edman has returned home after spending a couple of years in England.

Mrs. John McGee, of Stirling, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Bickard.

Mrs. W. Cook, of Little York, spent a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Reid.

Miss Carman, of Prince Edward, spent a week with her cousin, Miss Lena Taylor.

Our pastor, Mr. Sexsmith, will be absent on Sunday as he is invited to reopen a church near Bridgewater.

Quite a number from here attended the song service held in Melrose Methodist Church on Sunday evening.

Mrs. and Mrs. Geo. Cole attended the funeral of their brother-in-law, Mr. Edwards, of Napanee, on Wednesday.

The Presbyterians of Roslin circuit intend running their annual excursion to Twelve O'Clock Point August 17.

Mrs. E. Nason and family of Ohio are spending a few weeks at her father's, Walter Snider.

### ALBERT.

Mrs. Donoghue and children, of Marysville, have returned home after spending three weeks the guests of Mrs. Michael Corrigan.

Mrs. Anderson, Sen., is seriously ill with paralysis.

Mrs. M. Williams who has been ill is much better.

Mrs. George Jones who has been ill is better.

Miss Ella McTaggart has returned to Napanee after spending a few weeks at her home here.

Mrs. F. S. Farney and children, of Plainfield are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. Martin.

Master Joseph Donoghue, of Marysville is the guest of his cousin Vincent Corrigan.

A number from here attended a party at Michael Kennedy's on Monday night and report a good time.

Miss Lucy and Johanna Corrigan are visiting friends at Lime Lake.

### SAURIN.

Mr. Whitton, of Elmville, shipped a cartload each of hogs and cattle for eastern markets this week.

McBeath Bros., of Elmville, have sold the stock of their general store, to Mr. D. Gilles, of Westford. Mr. Gilles took possession of the store on Monday and is prepared to give business to all who patronize him.

Sunday morning of last Tuesday of this week were singled the warmest days of the season. A lady remark-

### BATH.

Miss Florence Rixley left on Tuesday to visit friends in Belleville for a few days.

Mrs. Pedro, of Cape Vincent, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Edwards.

Miss Joe Cunningham took in the excursion to the Thousand Islands last week.

Miss Mary Kellar entertained a few of her young friends last Friday evening.

Miss May Collins, of Rochester, who has been visiting her parents here for three weeks, returned home last Sunday accompanied by her sister Lottie.

The people of St. John's church intend having an ice cream social on Saturday evening. Admission 15c.

Miss Edna Davy, of Kingston, is here visiting her mother.

Louise Covert, of Rochester, is visiting her parents for a few weeks.

Miss Mary Hawley, who has been visiting friends in Belleville, returned home on Tuesday.

### STOCCO.

There is a hot time in our town these days.

A very fair number of Stocco citizens attended the excursion to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Nearly all have returned, having spent a pleasant time. Among others who attended were Peter Murphy, Phil Allure, Wm. Cassidy, W. Salisbury and L. Murphy.

Miss Buckley and her pupils are to be congratulated on their success at the recent entrance examination. Three pupils out of four were successful.

Miss Minnie Bohan has returned to her home in Tweed after spending a week the guest of Mrs. Wm. Cassidy.

Miss Florence Mulroney has a new Cleveland bike.

Stocco has a photographer, Mr. Donohue, of Belleville. He is doing well.

### Notes From North Ontario.

Thornloe, Lake Temiscamingue, August 1.—It is some time since I last had this pleasure.

The long continued drought in the spring proved to be a serious drawback to the lumbermen in getting out their drives of logs, etc., and large quantities of material were left in the smaller creeks and tributaries. Some of this was burnt up by the drouth, which ravaged the settlement and spread into the dry creek beds. Some settlers were burnt out, and altogether considerable damage was done. As regards crops, at one time it looked as though there would be neither hay nor grain to harvest, and the early root crops were almost entirely exterminated by cut worms. The drought was broken about the last of June, and since then we have had lots of rain and some to spare. The crops were all greatly benefited by the first rains, and there was more water in the rivers and lake than there was in the early spring. As a result, some of the lumbermen would have resumed driving had men been obtainable.

Hay is about all saved now and amounts to about half an ordinary crop. Grain will be about the same but there is some rust.

A number of settlers have gone out to the lumbering district. One speaks well for the profits of their labor. Some have gone to get medical advice or treatment, for although this country is not so healthy as the one with the increasing prevalence there are some cases of sickness and there is no doctor here.

Mr. John Richards, formerly of Bracebridge, was removed from here to Huntsville for medical aid but died there shortly afterwards, leaving a large family.

Mr. Gold is now in charge of the Church of England mission at Halleybury.

Mr. Peary, Baptist missionary from Norwood, is at Thornloe with a large tent and a graphophone.

New settlers are arriving frequently. On Sunday last the dedication of the new Methodist church at Thornloe took place and on Monday a tea meeting etc., at which about \$500 was collected for building fund.

A house is now being erected for Mr. Pitts, the Presbyterian minister.

On the 12th of July the Orangemen held a celebration at Thornloe, at which there was a large gathering.

Rain in the forenoon interfered somewhat with the festivities.

Considerable road improvements are now going on in this settlement, the department having appropriated \$7,000 for that purpose. There is also \$2,000 for wharves at Halleybury and Dawson's Point, which will probably be built next winter.

On the 27th of June, at the English church at Halleybury, Harry Woods, of Hudson Bay agent at Bay Lake, was married to Miss McGuire, who for the last four years has been public school teacher at Halleybury.

As regards ourselves, we have been working very hard extending and improving our farm and having quite an increase of stock to care for and are now enjoying (?) an attack of what we will presume to call summer gripe, not caused by the heat, weather and sudden changes of temperature.

The Tribune comes regularly to hand every Wednesday, our only mail day. With kind regards to all our old friends in Deseronto, to all our

C. W. TECKER.

### CANNIPTON.

We regret to have to report the death of Miss Pearl Mooreman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mort Mooreman. The deceased contracted a cold about Christmas last, which affected her lungs and from that time forward she has gradually declined in health until the 25th inst. when "she was not, for God took her."

She was a lady of a somewhat retiring disposition but possessed of a lovely and enviable character. She was loved by all her acquaintances. Previous to her illness and even after she began to attend a church and Sunday school services and we rejoice in the belief that she died in the arms of her Savior. The funeral, conducted by Rev. R. Duke, took place from her home to the Belleville cemetery, and was very

largely attended, an evidence of the esteem in which she was held by all. Mr. and Mrs. Mooreman have the sympathy of all in their bereavement. The floral emblems were very handsome, among others was a beautiful wreath from the St. John's school.

A young son of Rev. John Ferguson, Shanghai, China, paid our village a short visit on Tuesday previous to his departure for his home where he intends going to school for the next two years.

Mrs. Bishop, of Syracuse, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Rattan.

Willie Russell, of Rochester, is visiting his grandmother.

Bruce Metcalf, of Brighton, is spending his holidays with his uncle, D. H. Metcalf.

Will Shorey, of Newburgh, is spending a few days with his brother, J. E. Shorey.

Mrs. Male and son Harry have taken in the excursion to Toronto.

Mrs. Geo. Frizzell and daughter Dora, left this morning for St. Catharines, where they will spend a few weeks visiting her parents.

Will Farnham and wife have taken a trip down the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec. They will be gone about ten days.

Mrs. Geo. Thomas and children have gone to Toronto to visit her mother.

Our new parsonage is completed and our pastor very comfortably settled in it.

Our Sunday school excursion goes to Twelve O'Clock Point this year. I don't see why we could not have gone to Deseronto or Napanee for a change. I'm afraid we'll have the Point worn off with our Cannifton excursions.

### GREEN POINT.

Too late for last week.

Mrs. J. F. Davis, of Tweed, spent a few days last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Carman.

Mrs. Royal Rowe, who has been ill for some time, was taken to the Belleville hospital on Thursday, July 20, for treatment; but being past recovery, she died on Monday night, July 30. The remains were brought home on Tuesday for interment.

The funeral took place at her late residence on Wednesday at 10 o'clock. She leaves a husband and three small children to mourn her loss.

The new Methodist church at Bethesda will be dedicated on August 16.

Mr. Benson, who is cashier at A. Bristol & Sons' dry goods store, Pictou, in company with others, spent Friday at Green Point.

S. E. Carman, H. Cole and Jim Rorabeck spent Sunday in Napanee.

### Fame Ocean Birds.

The fanned out wings of the ocean birds at Santa Catalina, Cal., is remarkable as well as interesting.

Every day a fisherman in his Venetian boat with lateen sails brings in his fish and cleans them on the beach, and this is an open invitation for the gulls, which approach within a few feet of the fisherman and fight for the remnants of the catch. Beautiful birds they are, with harsh and discordant tones. At night they roost on the wharf and boats and are extremely tame.

In fact so tame are they that the diving birds here that they at times interfere with the fisherman, this being especially true of the loons. They float gracefully upon the water, occasionally thrusting a long, snakelike beak into the water in search of the food supply, then disappear to be seen again darting here and there, now rushing into a school of sardines, snapping up the small fry or turning from it to course along the sandy bottom, 20 feet or so below.

### Relished the Punishment.

An old Scotsman, Andrew Leslie by name, always rode on a donkey to his work and tethered him while he labored on the road or wherever he might be.

It was suggested to him by a neighboring landowner that he was suspected of putting the animal to feed in the fields at other people's expense.

"Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my cuddy wunna eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

On a subsequent occasion, however, the laird, while riding along the road, saw Andrew at work, his faithful beast up to the knees in one of the laird's clover fields feeding luxuriously.

"Hollo, Andrew!" exclaimed the laird. "I thought your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

"Aye, aye," was the response, "but the brute misbehaved the day. He nearly kicked me over his head; so I put him in there just to punish him."

### Making the Plants Go Round.

The new reporter, in his story of the wedding, wrote, "the floral display stretched from the chancel rail to the doors of the church."

The city editor, in a mild manner, as is the custom of city editors with new reporters, suggested:

"Couldn't you have used a better word than 'stretched'?" Say the floral display 'nodded' or 'twined' or 'suggested' like that—some word more suggestive of flowers."

"Stretched is all right," replied the new reporter, with the stubborn countenance of a realist. "The decorations consisted of six rubber plants, and they had to stretch to go the distance."

Baltimore American.

### His Candid Admission.

"I suppose your constituents will be prepared to kill the fatted calf when you get home?" said the amiable friend.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "my constituents are not so stupid. Besides, they haven't got anything against the fatted calf. I'm the one they're after."—Washington Star.

### When Insurance Is Bliss.

Fudge: Do you believe in love at first sight?

Budge: Cert. It is then that neither party knows what kind of a person the other is. Why, about it, they fall in love!—Boston Transcript.

# THE BIG STORE

EVERYTHING NEW!

Here's a Store bigger—and bigger by far—than any other. It keeps most everything that men and women want for themselves and for their children. It is enterprising, pushing, successful, and there's a reason why Deseronto people do more trading here than anywhere else.

Shoppers hardly need reminding that we have everything for which there's a demand in

New Dress Goods	New Parasols	New Hosiery
New Muslins	New Veilings	New Hats
New Shirt	New	New Ties
New Waists	Embroidery	New Collars
New Ready-to-Wear Skirts	New Laces	New Shirts
	New Gloves	New Underwear



## The Shirt Waist Girl

Indications are that the Shirt Waist will be more popular than ever during this season. The reason is found in the pretty patterns offered by the dealer—really beautiful goods in many shades and fabrics. Our effort has been to offer the best assortment. See how we have succeeded.



## Little Men's Clothing

We have a great array of malles clothing values for children. The season's choicest patterns and most desirable effects in light, dark, and medium shades. Fawn, Navy, and other colors. Double-Breasted Vests and Sailor Suits. Newest goods, styles, and easiest prices.

## J. H. HAMILTON.

### Ontario Fall Fairs.

Tyendinaga—Shannonville, Sept. 29.  
Dundas—Morrisburg, Aug. 29-30.  
Industrial—Toronto, Aug. 27-Sept. 8.  
Western Fair—London, Sept. 6-15.  
Central Fair—Ottawa, Sept. 12-22.  
Kingston—Kingston, Sept. 10-11.  
Port Perry—Sept. 12-13-14.  
Southern—Brantford, Sept. 15-20.  
Central—Guelph, Sept. 18-20.  
Central—Peterborough, Sept. 18-20.  
Wellesley—Wellesley, Sept. 11-12.  
South Lanark—Perth, Sept. 17-19.  
N. Durham—Bowmanville, Sept. 12-14.

Prescott—Vankleke, Sept. 17-18.  
S. Huron—Exeter, Sept. 17-18.  
Northwestern—Goderich, Sept. 18-19.  
Central—Lindsay, Sept. 20-22.  
Carleton—Richmond, Sept. 22-23.  
North Lanark—Almonte, Sept. 23-24.

Oxford North—Woodstock, Sept. 20-21.  
Prince Edward—Pictou, Sept. 20-27.  
Middlesex—Strathroy, Sept. 17-19.

Northern—Walkerton, Sept. 23-24.  
E. Elgin—Aylmer, Sept. 18-20.  
Prescott—Prescott, Sept. 18-20.

N. Brant—Paris, Sept. 22-24.  
Haldimand—Cayuga, Sept. 25-26.  
S. Renfrew—Renfrew, Sept. 27-28.  
Hewitt—Fondrich, Oct. 1.

Central—Cobourg, Oct. 2-3.  
N. Perth—Stratford, Oct. 2-3.

E. York—Markham, Oct. 3-5.  
E. York—Markham, Oct. 4-5.  
N. Renfrew—Beichburg, Oct. 4-5.

N. Simcoe—Stayner, Oct. 9-10.  
E. Peterboro—Norwood, Oct. 9-10.  
World's Fair—Barton, Oct. 9-10.

West Kent—Chatham, Oct. 9-11.  
Sutton—Sutton, Oct. 11-12.

Caledonia—Caledonia, Oct. 11-12.  
Toscoronto—Alliston, Oct. 14-15.

Norfolk Union—Simcoe, Oct. 16-18.  
Owen Sound—Owen Sound, Oct. 16-18.

Woodbridge—Woodbridge, Oct. 17-18.

Central—Wellington—Fergus, Oct. 11-12.

Bradford and W. Gwillimbury, Oct. 18-19.

Ontario and Durham—Whitby, Sept. 17-18.

Great Northern—Collingwood, Sept. 18-21.

### Read This and Remember It.

## Central Canada Exhibition Ass'n.

OTTAWA, ONT.

The dates for the holding of our Exhibition are from

## 14th to 22nd Sept.

Fairies close 12th Sept.  
25 Gold Medals in list as Special Prizes.  
The Largest list of Special Prizes offered by any Exhibition.  
No effort will be spared to make this year's Exhibition the best ever held by the Association.

The grounds and buildings are now in excellent condition and up-to-date in every respect.

The SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS will be the Best that Money can procure.

Modern and Realistic Spectacular I.

## Battle of Paardeberg, and Surrender of Gen. Cronje.

This is the famous battle in which our Canadian troops won a brilliant and decisive victory. See the battle painted on the exhibition grounds.

Reduced rates on all lines of travel.  
For price list and all information write to

WM. HUTCHISON, Exhibition Ass'n., 25 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

P. S.—See Mackay's "Coy's" Special on pages 4 A and 4 B of Price List.

## The All-Canada Show!

August 27 to Sept. 8, 1900

## TORONTO

## Exposition and Industrial Fair

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES.  
MANY DIRECT FROM EUROPE.  
The Marvelous Resources of our own Country Thoroughly Explored.

Brilliant and Realistic Battle Spectacle.  
THE SIEGE OF MAFFELING!  
AND ALSO THE RELIEF!  
Timely Arrive of Canadian Artillery.

Entries Close on August 4th.  
EXCURSIONS ON ALL LINES OF TRAVEL.  
For price lists, entry forms, etc., address

ANDREW SMITH, F.R.C.S., M. J. HILL, Secy., Toronto.

## Kingston's Big Fair

AND AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION

Sept. 10th to 14th, 1900.

The present indications point to a large exhibit of Live Stock, Agricultural, Industrial, Dairy, Mining and Industrial products. The present applications for space in the Palace is a guarantee that the exhibit there will be of the ordinary.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: This year's special attractions will surpass any former efforts. Some of the prominent ones are: Grand Assam, Parachute Drops, Horse Speeding, Fireworks, Circus, Jugglers, Comedians, Comedians, Corps de Ballet and Grand Illumination of the grounds each evening.

Special excursion rates on all railways and steamboats.

For price lists and all information apply to

JAS. A. MINNES, JNO. P. ORAM, Secy., Mayor and Pres. T. D. MINNES, Secy.

## J. D. COLLIP,

CITY FLORIST.

Flowers of all kinds in Season.  
Wedding and Funeral Flowers a Specialty.

Phone 205. BELLEVILLE



## Built Right Wear Right

Our work shows at n't show the wear, best we can do—each we aim to make each just right.

If you like style, and fine wearable want to have your

HALL & S

Tailors and Gents

2ND







# THE BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY COMPANY

Eastern Standard Time.

Taking Effect Monday, July 2nd, 1900

Local Trains Between Deseronto and Deseronto Junction.

STATIONS	Deseronto	Deseronto Junction	Deseronto	Deseronto Junction	Deseronto	Deseronto Junction	Deseronto	Deseronto Junction
Deseronto	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10
Deseronto Junction	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10

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## DYSPEPSIA AND HEADACHE

AN ELDERLY LADY TELLS OF HER CURE THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS AFTER A SCORE OF OTHER REMEDIES HAD FAILED.

Dyspepsia comes more genuine distress than most diseases. It often marks the beginning of trouble from one cause or another, its victims are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, and those afflicted always feel tired, worn out and miserable, and are subject to fits of melancholy or fit temper without apparent cause. It is obvious that the human body, in order to perform its functions, must be properly nourished, and this can only be done when the food is properly digested. Those who suffer from indigestion should exercise care as to diet, and only easily digested foods should be taken. But more than this is required—the blood needs attention in order that the stomach may be strengthened, and the secretion of the gastric juices properly carried on. There is no other medicine offered the public that will act so promptly and effectively as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this is given in the case of Mrs. F. N. Doddridge, St. Paul, Minn. In conversation with a reporter, Mrs. Doddridge said:—

"For quite a number of years I have been a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, accompanied by the sick headache that almost invariably comes with this trouble. I suffered from terrible pain in the stomach, bloating and belching wind. All food seemed to disagree with me, and as a result of this I was very much run down, and at times I was unable to do even light housework. I am sure I tried a score of different medicines, but they all failed to give me any relief. At last, however, I came to believe that it was hopeless to expect a cure. A friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, urged me to try this medicine, and my husband brought home a couple of boxes. Before they were finished I felt much better, and we then got another half dozen boxes, and these have completely restored my health, and I not only feel better than I have done for years, but actually feel younger. I very cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers."

If your dealer does not keep these pills, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Why do they not send Sam Steele and the Strathcona ticket that boundary runner, De Wet?

## Free For You

Orders are pouring in from all over Canada. No wonder, the grand presents we give free with a \$1.00, \$2.00 or \$5.00 order of any price. Teas or Coffees. Regular Groceries, prices, a bet that you will get \$10.00 order secures you a silver Tea or Coffee pot, or gold lined Cake Basket, a beauty. Superb butter dish or glass and silver. Immense Silver Water Pitcher, retail at \$5.00 to \$7.00. Mail orders, wonderful values. Agents wanted. Salary and commission.

Stamp for only

GREAT PACIFIC TEA CO., 1161 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Que.

## A Poor Millionaire

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25 cts. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by W. G. Egan, druggist.

At the Goodwood races in England Watershed and McIntosh ran a dead heat in a downpour of rain.

## Ideal Treatment for Catarrh

Mr. Robert F. Gray, of 256 Clarence street, London, Ont., says: "I believe Catarrh would produce a positive cure for my ailment. It is a few times relief was an assured fact. The disagreeable dropping in the throat soon lessened and the nasal passages were free. I was cured. Catarrh is an ideal treatment and I hope it will find its way into the hands of many afflicted ones." Catarrh is a disease of the throat, Catarrh and Asthma. Sold everywhere. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POISON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

## THE

## ONTARIO PERMANENT BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Have started a branch of this business in Deseronto for the purpose of selling stock and making loans.

The Directors of the Board are as follows:

E. D. VAN DERVOORT, M.D., President

G. E. GRACEY, Secy-Treas. Vice-President

G. E. GRACEY, Secy-Treas. Vice-President

G. E. GRACEY, Secy-Treas. Vice-President

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G. E. GRACEY, Secy-Treas. Vice-President

G. E. GRACEY, Secy-Treas. Vice-President

## MARRIAGE

Thou art my own, my darling and my wife, And when we join into another life, Still thou art mine, and this which now we see Is but the shadow of eternity. The joys and sorrows of our earthly years, Are growing up into a single life, And we are growing, a united whole, Made out of twain. One love is but begun; Forever and forever we are one. —Spectator.

## THE THOROUGHFARE GAP

BY M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.

Lee was moving to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. The mountains hid the Federals, and at every gap in the Ridge he left a force with instructions to hold out to the last and give him all the time possible to reach and cross the Potomac. It was the aim of the Federals to break through at some point and penetrate his movement, and there was fighting on every mountain trail and at the mouth of every mountain gap. The major general had said in the Thoroughfare gap ordered to proceed to Thoroughfare gap.

"I do not know how many Confederates are holding that gap, but be the number 500 or 10,000 you must break through. That is the order—break through. If only one of your men, one man is left alive, he will bring us the news we want."

And the major general on the Confederate side had said to the brigadier: "You will detach one regiment of your command to hold the Thoroughfare gap. It must be held against the Federals for three days. We can spare only a single regiment. If there is but one man left alive at the end of that time, he will follow on and overtake us."

A narrow wagon road, twisting and turning between walls from 20 to 100 feet high, with alternate spots of sunshine and gloom—that was Thoroughfare gap. As the soldiers moved, 600 Confederates entered it and pressed forward to its western mouth, its ruggedness and gloomy solemnity brought a feeling of awe. It reminded them of a tomb, and they shuddered to think of using in the morning the bones of the pieces rolled along with the regiment of infantry, and the jar of the heavy wheels loosened a stone now and then to come clattering down from far above.

Then a blue brigade came clattering down the road, and in possession and the position one which the dull private must see was well high impregnable. Every hour was worth a thousand lives to the Federal army, and the Federal brigadier held no time in beginning the attack. In the open he would have gobbled up that skeleton regiment at a dash. Behind a rocky wall hastily thrown up, with no way to get at the enemy except in front, his surplus of men did the work. They were not men, they were dashed forward with cheers, but not a man got within five rods of the wall. Grape and canister and bullets tore the lines to pieces. It was tried again and again. The orders were to break through at the beginning of the day, and the dead and wounded would be a cheap price for the information to be had at the other end. Artillery was brought forward to batter down the wall, but it could not be placed to advantage.

The plan had been to have first one company, then two, then three, and so on, when their crews lay dead or wounded and the carriages were shattered. The Federal brigadier rode back and forth and stormed and swore and almost wept.

"Whether 500 or 10,000, you must break through," were the orders, and if he failed to carry them out his career as a soldier was at an end. An army of 200,000 men was waiting to checkmate Lee. A whole nation was waiting to hear the splash of the Confederate flag in the Potomac.

The men in blue could hardly form company in the mouth of that defile. A charge against the wall meant death to every other man, but they formed up and charged. Men lay dead or wounded. After half a day of bloody fighting the Federal brigadier rested. He was still bleeding from a wound when he opened a dispatch and read:

"You have one of the best brigades in the corps, and it is as good as you are opposed by only a handful of Confederates. By 9 o'clock in the morning you must have authentic news of Lee."

The brigadier had sacrificed 600 men that day, and he could not believe the Confederate loss to be over 50. There was but one way to reach them on the morrow—that stone wall. He would drive them or die with the last man. There was no jollity in the Federal camp that night. Men who had joked as they swung into battle line in the open, but these men peered into the darkness of the gap and thought of the dead in front of the stone wall and spoke to each other in whispers. It was a brave sight to see them swing into line as the sun gilded the tree tops. Every face had its pallor, and every eye looked into the midst of death, but there was no flinching. You saw them tightening their belts and setting their jaws as they waited, and you held your breath for the signal which was to send them to death.

On the other side the stone wall there was no exultation. The dead and the wounded were comparatively few, but every hour would add to the number, and only one day of the three had passed. Lee had not yet moved, and he was coming and prepared for it. When the blue lines, ten deep, came dashing forward, they met with such a hail of iron and lead that the first three or four were hurled over the edge of the earth. Then, under the smoke cloud, some of them wounded and all desperate, the other lines crept forward, and the wall was reached. It was a hand

to hand fight now, and every man was a devil, and after a quarter of an hour of bloody fighting the Federals held the position. The dead lay three deep below the wall, and the living stood upon its crest and cheered and cheered again. But the cheering soon died away in growls and rattles. A quarter of a mile above, at a bend of the ravine, there was another stone wall, and the Confederates had simply been drawn to the new position. They had lost 150 men, but the Federal brigadier was no longer a brigadier. He was a full regiment. That night the brigadier had another wound, and again there were orders from the major general.

"We must have news of Lee at any hazard. Unless you break through at once your resignation will be accepted."

A dark and narrow ravine, up which only eight men ahead could make their way at once; at the turn a stone wall, defended by two guns; behind the guns the muskets of the infantry. "You have looked this high," repeated the brigadier over and over again. He knew that he could not do it. He knew that the best he could do was to pile up more dead in the dark ravine. When morning came, he stood on a knoll and looked down upon the sun-browned and waiting veterans, and it was like a knife in his heart to give the order to attack. A single bugle call, the column dashed forward. There was never a cheer nor shout, nor did they feel that they were going to certain death or cheer. They drew a long breath, choke back the gasp in the throat and rush forward with heads down. In ten minutes it was all over. The wall had been reached and fought, but it could not be held. As the last few living Federals came limping back the brigadier sat down and wept. Orders, orders, and yet the brigadier felt himself a murderer. More Confederates had fallen, but the force was yet strong enough to hold the gap. If he could not carry it, he would be driven back. Like the brave man he was, he took the one way out of it. At high noon the column was formed again, and the brigadier put himself at the head of it. Officers groaned and privates murmured to see him there, but he was firm. He led in the dark—he was the first to reach the wall—he mounted it and cheered his men in the fight which won it. But when it was won he lay among the dead, and the Confederates retired less than half a mile to a third wall. Two days had passed, and yet the stone wall had not been broken through. Then another brigade came marching up, and there was another brigadier to take command. He saw the situation as the dead general had seen it, but he had less feeling. Orders, orders, and yet the brigadier dashed against that third wall and driven back, but in the end he won. It was 20 lives for one every time, but under his orders he could have doubled the sacrifice.

At dusk on the evening of the third day the last Confederate infantryman had passed the gap on his way to the Potomac, and the head of the column was in Pennsylvania. Lee had played his card and won. Not a gap had been reached, and the news of his whereabouts had come to the Federal army. There was a last stone wall in Thoroughfare gap. Behind it 100 Confederates crouched and waited. Their two fieldpieces were useless for the want of ammunition, and their muskets were almost as good as useless. The sun filled the ravine with deeper gloom 500 Federals made a last charge. They had to tread the dead under foot to do it. That was the fourth charge of the day, and it was checked as the others had been. It simply meant more dead and wounded to choke that narrow way. Hundreds had been dragged out, but hundreds still remained. When night came down, 50 men with powder stained faces, had had scarcely broken their fast or closed their eyes for 70 hours, silently marched out of the gap and headed for the north in the wake of the invading army. There was no colonel, no captains, no lieutenants. A sergeant commanded the remnant, and his command was:

"Out of h—ll and into Pennsylvania forward—march."

And when the long night had passed and daylight came, the Federal army found the stone wall undefended and clambered over it and ran to the mouth of the gap to shout to each other: "Lee has passed, and we are too late!"

## A Jail Cure

The late Sir John Bridge, the well known London magistrate, was once telling his friends that when he was let he received not long before his retirement from Bow street. It ran: "Sir—I am sorry to occupy your time, but I feel I must write to thank you for having locked me up for six months. My wife had often come before the court for drunkenness, but after being fined she was worse. You were kind enough to give her six months, and she came back to me a changed woman and is now the best wife in England."

This letter was all the more valued by Sir John Bridge because he was ordinarily a lenient judge.

## CALLED HER SON.

By mistake she communicated with the wrong institution.

A Pittsburgh woman told this story on herself. She had a son attending a preparatory school near Sing Sing. She went to New York not long ago to pay him a visit. She stopped at the Fifth Avenue hotel on her arrival, and she called to call upon her son by telephone to inform him that she would be on the following day. She asked the young man in charge of the hotel exchange to call up Sing Sing for her.

"We are waiting for you," quoted Mr. Hixson, laying down his book, "and I am willing to say the author is right. For example—"

"I am already a believer," Mrs. Hixson interrupted. "You will insist on having lobster for supper always



























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"Perfectly correct! Haven't you noticed it?"

"No," she looked at Forney as she spoke, and their eyes met. "If I had ever considered the question, I believe I should have decided that he was rather worldly."

"And not at all in any immediate prospect of becoming a human fowl, as Dr. Holmes, you know, calls crows with wings," said Forney. "But, Miss Rankin, I suspect you are not a keen observer, any way; what could possibly make you think that if you ever did turned your eyes in my direction, you would have decided to pronounce me a child of the world?"

"Birds of a feather, you know," she said, smiling. "Miss Hale will not deny that she belongs to the world's people."

"There!" laughed Florence. "You had better cut me dead, doctor, your friendliness to me earns you the reputation of being frivolous."

"I inserted Miss Matthews with her customary defiant tone in asserting undisputed and obvious, though irrelevant, facts," "corrupt good manners," as My Father used to say."

"Then, Miss Rankin," said Forney, "you only grieve for deciding against me so severely, in my friendly tolerance of Miss Hale's flippancy, is it?"

"I like that," pouted Florence.

"I did not mean to be severe," Miss Rankin answered. "Do people in general object so much to being called 'worldly'?"

She rose as she spoke.

"Oh, are you going?" Florence politely inquired.

Forney stood, and they bade her good night without protest, as she turned away and left them.

### CHAPTER III.

"If I could paint it!" thought Mira Rankin, with a long, blissful sigh, as she stood leaning against a rocky promontory that looked out over the moonlit bay. "Such lights and shadows, such sky and water! Oh why can't I express in some way what it makes me feel?"

It was an hour after she had left the other boarders seated about the parlor table, and she came forth into the dusk, clad in macintosh and overshoes, for a stroll on the beach, and a climb to "Steep Rocks," as her proud high point of view was named. The storm was over and the evening was clear and cool.

"Sometimes it seems to me," she mused, as she bent her bare head against the rocks and let the wind play with the loose hair about her face, "that a life devoted to art is the only one that is truly any way while. Who but artists has any real, deep expression of their lives? Creating forms of beauty, delving down to the nether springs of being, not forever skimming the surface as practical men and women of the world are obliged to do. Oh, if I but had the power to live out in some form my feverish life, how gladly I could give up the things for which so many people are envying me now!"

She lifted her slender, small hand and pushed her blowing hair away from her eyes.

"What was it I overheard that doctor at the house asking Miss Hale? Whether she had never known the loneliness that an unexpressed life must know. I wanted to put out my hand and touch his when he asked it. I had known it!"

But she thought brought no bitterness to her face. There was, perhaps, a shade of pensiveness there; but those great, dark eyes were too deep and far-seeing to reflect a shallow discontent.

Her thoughts took another turn.

She fell to thinking of Miss Hale.

"I never realized how exquisitely lonely she was until this evening—when I turned my eyes from that poor wreck who stood in the storm outside the window"—and Mira Rankin indulged involuntarily at the picture she recalled—"her hair streaming in the wind, her clothes so miserably poor, her eyes so wild and strange, her bare, lean arm pointing towards Dr. Forney at Miss Hale's side in the parlor—like an avenging evil genius! What a queer apparition she was! And when I turned from her, my pretty face went away from the window and set at the table and looked at the warmly-sheltered, handsomely-dressed form of that so differently favored woman. I realized, as I had not before, what a child that wretched woman was. But, too, once, I could see that. And she is still young. I wonder what it can mean. Dr. Forney was startled and disturbed when he saw her. I wonder," she mused, "if he refused to walk with Miss Hale after the storm, because he was afraid of meeting this creature?"

She laughed at her suspicions and at the flights her fancy was taking.

"I am weaving a tale of the dime novel," cried from a trifling circumstance. Probably the woman was intoxicated. But—"

A pained expression came into her face. "Why, then, did he come and draw the blinds? And why was he so anxious to keep Miss Hale from going out? Why did he make her point towards him and glare at him in such a strange way?"

As she pondered it, the affair began to assume the form of a rather thrilling mystery in her mind.

"I found myself more roused by this thing," she told herself, "than I have been by anything since my great responsibility came upon me. Ever since then, I have been almost wickedly absorbed in my own affairs. I really must throw it off and begin to take a normal interest in my fellow men once more! For instance, the people there at the cottage—I have been with these five days and I know scarcely more than their names. It is selfish of me not to be more interested in them. As for that doctor, he has said so many things that make me feel I should like him if I knew his history—also! I do for his kindly indifference to all of them while I have so much care on my heart. Sometimes I almost wish it had never happened, and that I—"

A footstep and the sound of a voice and a shadow startled her out of her reverie. Who could be coming to this lonely spot so late in the evening? For it was fast on nine o'clock. Had Dr. Forney been persuaded after all to bring Miss Hale out? and at such a distance from the cottage as this? If it were he, she discovered her, would they think her very wild to come entirely alone so far, at so late an hour? She had better not let them see her, perhaps—though of course she did not really care what they thought of her, and—

Two voices had drawn quite near and were perfectly audible. She wrapped her arm around a tree beside which she stood, and bent forward to look along the sandy path several yards below her feet.

Yes, there they were—she could distinguish the two figures in the dim light—a man and a woman. Dr. Forney's voice she recognized at once.

"Why did you follow me here?" he was asking in a gravely remonstrating tone. "You must have known it could not do you any good."

And she thought of the woman's reply struck a chill to the heart of the young girl who heard it.

"I shall follow you to the ends of the earth, until you have mended the wrong you have done me."

"You know that I have done you no wrong. Your very love and suffering are my undoing."

"You think, I suppose, then, that I ought to be grateful to you. You think you have done me a kindness."

"I know that I have."

"And I curse you for it!"

The ringing voice broke strangely upon the stillness and solitude of the night. Mira realized now that the woman was the same whom she had seen a short time before, outside the parlor window. The long, dark hair had been bound up, and was not wildly streaming in the wind, as it had been, and her form was pined together over her neck and shoulders, which in Mira's first view of her, had been so beautiful. She was haggard and emaciated—and yet she was fair, very fair. Mira wondered, with a thrill of excitement, if the man at her side were conscious of how fair she still was. There was something regal in her straight form, as standing in the narrow path, she turned back her head and delivered upon him the hatred of her eyes.

"I curse you for it, and I shall curse you while I breathe and think—until you have restored to me what you have taken from me!"

Poor Mira found herself in painful perplexity as to how she could possibly avoid this talk intended for no stranger's ears. She could not stifle without betraying her presence, and she shrank in horror from facing Dr. Forney, under the circumstances. She objected, too, to being discovered here alone at night, for she knew she had defied propriety in coming. But she hesitated, not knowing what she ought to do, the talk went on.

"You know," Forney calmly answered, "your curses can avail nothing; and if you will do what I ask you to—"

"Do not trust me! I believe nothing you tell me. I did so once, and now you would probably have me locked up in the insane asylum."

"You are very foolish. What object could I have in doing that?"

"Yes, what object could you have! What object have you had in all the other misery you have brought upon me? Walter Forney, I shall make you suffer for the wrong you have done me, if I have to sell my soul to do it!"

"One thing I am determined upon," quietly answered. "You must stop doing me further harm. I am going to stand of that. It must stop."

"Or you will appeal to the law again?" she said bitterly; "you will perhaps put me to prison?"

"I have quite made up my mind that I will not be further troubled by you any longer. I hope you will not force me to take any measures in the matter."

For a moment she did not answer. Then she spoke again. It was in an altered voice. Her voice was low and sorrowful and there was a penetrating sweetness in it.

"Have you no heart at all—no pity for me? Can you look on my misery without any remorse for what you have done?"

"I have pity for you," came the answer in a tone more gentle and kind than Mira had ever heard from that usually cold, reserved voice. "Too much pity to give you what you say. Can you not believe that I firmly mean what I say? In all your experience with me, have you ever found me affirming anything I did not mean? And I must tell you now—however much it may hurt you to hear that, I shall never yield to you until you are ready yourself to yield to me in the way I have written you. Now do you believe that I mean this? You know that I do," answered for her. "I will do you no further useless pleadings with me?"

She covered her face with her hands and a hopeless sob broke from her.

"Oh!" she cried, "I know only too well that I do not mean you! You are a rock! You have no heart, no pity! And I am helpless—I have no redress, no defense against the cruel wrong you are doing me."

"But you have," he said quietly. "Only do what I ask and everything may be well with you again. Now," he suddenly said, "let us go on—I shall see you housed for the night—and to-morrow—"

They had walked on while he spoke, and now Mira could hear no more. She returned to her room, a spot where she stood, with astonishment at what she had heard and chagrin at her enforced position as eavesdropper. The solitude that closed upon her when they were out of sight and hearing, the vastness and darkness in which she found herself alone, looking out upon sea and sky and huge rocks, made her shudder with a nameless fear. She was an inexperienced girl, and the scene she had witnessed gathered to itself very romantic colors in her imagination. Some phases of the past, the vague and far-distant, which she found herself alone, looking out upon sea and sky and huge rocks, made her shudder with a nameless fear. She was an inexperienced girl, and the scene she had witnessed gathered to itself very romantic colors in her imagination. 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That Eye Strain Makes Your Head Ache?  
It is not catarrh, nor neuralgia.  
Your eyesight is at fault.  
MALLEY, the Optician, Should be Consulted.

# The Tribune.

VOL. XVIII.

DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1900.

NO. 48.

## Great Amalgamation Sale OF DRY GOODS.

The MOWAT & CO. Stock of Dry Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Furs and Carpets, amounting in all to about

**\$15,000.00**

Will be offered to the public AT BARGAIN PRICES, at our Store,  
**COMMENCING ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1900.**

### It's a Truism

—That big values are a basis for big business. This stock has been purchased at the rate of 56 cents on the dollar. This is the greatest value that has ever been secured by any merchant in Napanee, and for the past two weeks we have been preparing the goods for our customers, marking them down, sorting out the remnants and marking them at remnant prices, and transferring to our two large stores.

We Will be Obligated to do a Big Business in the Next Month

to make room for our Winter Goods. We have prepared for it by adding to our already large staff a number of experienced and efficient salesmen and salesladies.

Everyone will be made welcome during this Great Sale. Come, examine, and price for yourselves.

**THE ROBINSON CO'Y.,**  
The Peoples' Store  
**NAPANEE.** Napanee's Largest Store.

#### His Friends Honor Him.

An influential committee which included the names of A. H. McGaughey, Thos. Dates, M. R. Marrigan, S. Kitchen, E. J. Edwards and W. J. McKelving issued invitations to a large number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wallbridge to attend a banquet at the Callaghan House on Tuesday evening.

Ample preparations were made and over one hundred guests responded to the call, to honor the guests of the evening. In this report The Tribune will anticipate the speakers of the evening by saying that the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wallbridge, are entitled to great praise for the artistic decorations of the tables and the sumptuous repast provided. Ample justice was done to these good things.

The inner man having been satisfied D. A. Vallon, the chairman, stated it gave him pleasure to have the honor of proposing the toasts and conducting the banquet which had been inaugurated for the purpose of giving "dear old E. M. Wallbridge" a proper "send-off" on the occasion of his severing his connection with the Bay of Quinte Railway, and going to California. He said they were met together to wish good speed to Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge, and prosperity to them in their new home.

Before proceeding with the toast list the chairman said he had some letters to read which had been sent by gentlemen, who were unable to be present. These included one from the superintendent of the road as follows:

Napanee, Ont., August 21, 1900.  
To Com. Wallbridge Banquet,  
Deseronto, Ont.

"Dear Sir:—All honor to whom honor is due and there is none more worthy than you and your fellow worker Mr. E. M. Wallbridge. As your right to a banquet being present with you tonight as I should like to have said my testimony to friend 'dear old E. M. Wallbridge' and his 'send-off' as an honored representative of the Bay of Quinte Railway Company with credentials to honor one old associate."

Over by Mr. Wallbridge and family in all places and it is the prayer of his sincere friend.

J. J. SHERWOOD, Supt.

Letters of regret were received from M. J. Butler and H. B. Bedford.

After reading the letters the chairman opened the toast list by proposing the health of the Queen which was heartily responded to by singing the National Anthem. The toast of the evening, "Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge," was proposed and before asking Mr. Wallbridge to reply the chairman said he had a pleasant duty to perform from the following letter:

Napanee, Ont., August 21, 1900.  
E. M. Wallbridge.

Dear Sir:—The employees of the Bay of Quinte Railway and the members of the Mutual Aid

Association have desired me to express to you their regret at your departure from amongst them.

We will miss you as a fellow employee and president of our association.

We wish you success in your new home and may you and yours meet with friends there and may they prove as strong and lasting as those you have here.

Please accept this chain and locket as a memento of the regard and esteem in which we all hold you.

Signed on behalf of the employees and members of Mutual Aid.

He then presented Mr. Wallbridge with a handsome gold watch chain and locket, the latter being suitably inscribed.

Mr. Wallbridge made a suitable reply, in which he stated his regret at leaving his old home, in fact he was almost heart-broken over the severance of so many ties of friendship. He was thankful to say that he had an honest heart and principle and had sympathy for the poor and took an interest in the working men, and perhaps this was the reason he had cause to show his gratitude for the kindnesses that had been showered upon him. He specially referred to kindness received from his good friends D. A. Vallon, Wm. Mitchell, S. J. Kitchen, and Mr. and Mrs. Marrigan.

He said he had many times been accused of being a crank, but he would say that it took a good many cranks to turn the corners of Deseronto. Referring to the Rathbun Company he expressed his feelings of respect for the present and past members of that corporation. In expressing his thanks for the handsome presentation and the good feeling which prompted the gift, he said he would ever hold the donors and all present in kindly remembrance.

On the conclusion of his speech the entire assembly broke into their feet and sang with a ring "He's a jolly good fellow."

The "Men of the Bay of Quinte" was suitably responded to by S. J. Kitchen, who in the course of his remarks said the men of the Bay of Quinte were losing a good friend and he hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge would be happy in their new home.

The "Mechanical Department" was replied to by Mr. Dates in an able manner. He expressed his assurance of Mr. Wallbridge's success in the Western States.

"Best men of the Bay of Quinte" coupled with the name of Mr. Corby called forth the regrets of that gentleman that he could not reply to it in French as then he would be able to do justice to Mr. Wallbridge's ability and kindness. He made out a good argument.

"Engineers, conductors, brakemen and firemen" was replied to by Robert Wilson, who testified to Mr. Wallbridge's willingness to help members out of their difficulties and his ability to do so.

"The Rathbun Company" brought forth a speech from Richard Marrigan in which he made reference to the good relations which existed between their friend Mr. Wallbridge and the company whom he had the honor to reply for.

"The Town of Deseronto" was responded to by M. Marrigan. The other speakers were Mr. Crogg, J. M. Denmark, Mr. Bruyere, Chas. How, and Mr. Donaldson. The "Locomotive Shop" was replied to in a few well chosen words by Wm. Wilson.

The pleasant duty of responding to the "Merchants of Deseronto" devolved upon L. E. Morden.

The last toast on the list was "The Press," which D. McClew replied to in a few words voicing the sentiment of the evening, namely, good feeling towards Mr. Wallbridge and his family, best wishes for their prosperity and regret that such a good citizen should leave Deseronto.

The closing remarks of the chairman and the singing of Auld Lang Syne brought a most enjoyable and memorable event to a close.

Mr. Wallbridge was agreeably surprised on Wednesday afternoon, when he found at his house a handsome cream and sugar service, made of the finest china with solid silver trimmings, from Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, as a souvenir of his long residence in Deseronto.

At a special meeting of Court Deseronto, Independent Order of Foresters, an address and a gold-headed cane were presented to Mr. Wallbridge. The address spoke of the good work he had done and the length of time he had been connected with the court, and in circumstances which necessitated his removal from town.

#### Drowned at Woodstock.

Woodstock, Ont., Aug. 23.—About 8:30 last evening a very sad fatal took place here. While in bathing in the Thames River, John McEwan, who could not swim, got beyond his depth and was drowned. There was another man with him at the time, but he could not swim, so could render no assistance. McEwan was a man working here on the new postoffice, and about 45 years of age. He leaves a widow and family.

#### Canada's Mineral Output

Ottawa, Aug. 23.—The annual report of the Geological Survey for 1899 has just been issued. It shows that the grand total mineral production of Canada in 1898 amounted to \$33,661,010. The production the previous year was \$26,061,430.

### TREASON IN CAPE COLONY.

Bill Dealing With the Offence Read a Second Time.

Mr. Schreiner's Position—Paul Kruger's Reply to Lord Roberts' Last Proclamation.—It Will Help You Nothing to Lay Down Your Arms—Every Step Homeward Is a Step Nearer St. Helena.—He Says.

Cape Town, Aug. 23.—In the House of Assembly yesterday the treason bill was sent to a second reading, without a division.

Mr. Rose-Innes, in moving the second reading, appealed to the members of the House to exercise common sense and self-restraint in dealing with the bill, remarking that if the colony emerged from the ordeal it would amply vindicate its rights to self-government. He characterized the punishment which it was proposed by the bill to mete out to rebels as the "mildest imaginable," observing that the rank and file if tried by the ordinary courts would be liable to disfranchisement for life.

Mr. Mortimer, speaking for the Opposition, declared that the bill was an expression of Mr. Chamberlain's desire to establish an artificial majority to do his bidding, and to grind the whole race.

#### PAUL KRUGER'S VIEW.

He Warns the Burgers Against Leaving Their Commandos.

London, Aug. 23.—President Kruger, according to a despatch from Lorenzo Marques, to The Daily Express, has issued a proclamation counter to the latest proclamation issued by Lord Roberts. The Transvaal President says:

"It will help you nothing to lay down your arms or to leave the commandos. Every step homeward means a step nearer St. Helena."

#### THAT PRETORIA PLOT

To Kidnap Lord Roberts—Cordua Found Guilty on All the Charges Laid Against Him.

Pretoria, Aug. 22.—The trial of Lieut. Cordua, formerly of the Transvaal Artillery, on the charge of being concerned in the plot to kidnap Gen. Lord Roberts, was concluded yesterday. The prisoner was found guilty of all the counts in the indictment against him, but sentence was deferred until the findings of the court should be confirmed by Lord Roberts.

Col. Godfrey, the judge, in summing up, caused a sensation by declaring that a violation of parole was punishable with death.

A period of 43 minutes was occupied in considering the verdict.

8,000 Boers at Macadodorp.

Troydale, Monday, Aug. 20.—Through secret intelligence agents the British authorities learn that Gen. Louis Botha, the commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, Gen. Lucas Meyer, the commander of the Orange Free State forces, and Gen. Schalkenburger, Vice-President of the Transvaal Republic, with 8,000 Boers,

### Paris Green

Lay in a supply before the bugs get too numerous; we can supply the

## Eclipse Sprayer

That will put the mixture where it will do the most good.

**W. H. STAFFORD,**

Hardware Merchant, - - DESERONTO.

### SATURDAY, MONDAY and TUESDAY

Will be the FINAL CLEAR-UP DAYS

In Summer Dress Goods, Prints, Muslins and Gingham, Shirt Waists, Parasols and Crash and P. K. Skirts. This sacrifice means a saving of Dollars to the people of Deseronto and vicinity.

**2 Specials in Dress Goods** LINE No. 1.—100 yds. Double Fold Dress Goods, clearing at 10c yd. LINE No. 2.—150 yds. Double Fold Dress Goods, clearing at 25c yd.

**SHIRT WAISTS**—25 only, this season's goods, regular 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25; Saturday morning while they last, 50c.

**25 Ladies' Parasols** Clearing at 25% Discount.

500 yds. Cotton Wash Goods, regular 12½ to 20c yds; while they last, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, 8½c yd.

Remember these prices take effect Saturday Morning at 7 o'clock and are good for SATURDAY, MONDAY and TUESDAY ONLY. If you want to participate in this—the Greatest Money Saving Opportunity—come early Saturday Morning, as the prices we are quoting must ensure a speedy clearance.

**J. J. KERR,**

BAKER BLOCK, - - DESERONTO.

Have assembled at Macadodorp (generally understood to be the headquarters of President Kruger, on the Pretoria-Bagacoy Railway), with the whole Boer artillery, including the heavy pieces formerly at Pretoria.

Still the Fighting Goes on.

London, Aug. 23.—The War Office has received the following despatch from Lord Roberts, dated Aug. 21: Lieutenant-Colonel Stilwell, reconnoitering near Ventersburg, engaged the Boers. Two British were wounded. Lieuts. Spidden, Davenport, Surtees and Watson and a medical officer and 24 men are missing.

"Hamilton has crossed the Crocodile River."

Was Tommy Atkins Jealous?

London, Aug. 23.—Sergeant Barnes of the New South Wales Mounted Rifles is in the city. In an interview with a representative of The Daily Chronicle, referring to Lord Roberts' colonial bodyguard, on his entering Bloemfontein, he says: "I am afraid that then, as on other occasions, Tommy Atkins was somewhat jealous. There were times when the Australian and Canadian men had to band themselves together for mutual protection from the Imperial troops."

## Some Bargains That May be Secured During August.

These are New Goods—this season's style—but stock must be kept clear, hence these prices:

Fancy Dress Muslins, regular 12½ to 15c, for	8c
Fine Fancy Dress Muslins, regular 25 to 35c, for	15c
Remnants of Silk and Dress Goods,	33½ per cent off
Navy Blue Hose with White Spot, regular 35c, for	25c
A Lot of Steel Jet and Gilt Buckles and Pins, slightly tarnished, at half price	
Gloves, Laces, Collars, Ribbons, Veilings, Ties, Parasols, etc., at special prices	
White Muslin Blouses at	39c
Special Line Colored Blouses at	50c
Colored Print Blouses, plain and with white yokes, regular 90c and \$1.00, for	79c
Mercerized Stripe Gingham Blouses, regular \$1.75, for	\$1.38
Colored \$2.00, for	\$1.67
Stripe Print Blouses with white embroidered yoke, regular \$1.50, for	\$1.19
Balance of Summer Jackets,	25 per cent. off
Trimmed Hats and Bonnets,	half price

BELLEVILLE

**Geo Ritchie & Co**

BELLEVILLE











# Unchaperoned

By HELEN RIEMENSnyder

Forney slowly drew two fingers across his upper lip. "I do not quite understand you," he said. "Where do you imagine she may be?"

Miss Matthews shook her head ominously. "I should not be surprised at anything she did, after the views she expressed yesterday."

He strolled away from her and examined his investigation. He examined halls and alcoves and stairways. No trace of her could he discover.

At length he happened by chance to glance out of a window that he was passing. It opened on a piazza at the back of the house. He saw a white figure leaning over the railing. He stepped closer to the window, and to his relief, saw the object of his search.

She was alone. She was standing by a pillar of the piazza looking out toward the beautiful sea in the distance. Evidently she was not waiting for anyone to join her, for her whole attitude indicated her oblivion of everything near her and her utter contentment in her solitary reverie.

What an odd girl, to stand off alone like this! She might be making comports of hearts invidious, if she would, instead of moaning out here at the back of the house; for she was looking very pretty in her artistically simple gown.

Miss Matthews, Miss Hale, and he had all felt some secret surprise, that evening, at the costume in which she had appeared. When they discussed inviting her to join them, Miss Hale confided to him her doubt as to whether Miss Rankin possessed any gown suitable to wear at a full dress ball, and consulted him as to the advisability of offering to lend her some thing. He, of course, refused such a suggestion decidedly, and Miss Hale was puzzled at the dark flash that came into his face when she made her generous proposition.

"It is she has no suitable gown," he answered, shortly, "she will probably refuse to go with us."

So when Miss Rankin came down to the carriage robed in a gown of more simple elegance and more exquisite taste than any which Miss Hale possessed in her whole wardrobe, they felt a little astonished.

During the drive, she was very silent, and more abstracted than she had appeared for several days past. He felt uncertain whether to attribute it to the feeling of constraint which Miss Matthews had asserted him, however, Rankin would undoubtedly feel in their society, or whether it was due to the great, oblong letter from the law firm of Titzel and McVay which he had seen her receive that evening. That this letter had strongly affected her he knew, for he had been in the library with her while she had read it, and he had seen her grow flushed and nervous under its influence.

He looked at her now, as she stood outside on the piazza in the moonlight. A fragile, ethereal creature, she seemed, with a brow so earnest, and yet so sweetly womanly, that there came to his mind, as he watched her, the Knauss picture of the Madonna.

"A good girl, no doubt," he thought, "but a bit tedious."

The window at which he stood opened to the floor. He pushed up the sash and stepped out on the piazza. As he came to her side, it was with rather evident reluctance that she turned her eyes from the gleaming silver sea and raised them upon him.

"I have had quite a search for you," he said; he leaned against the railing before her and folded his arms.

"That is too bad—I am sorry."

"I wanted to tell you to give me this dance. It is nearly over now. But may I have the next?"

"Oh!" she said deprecatingly, "if you will excuse me, please, I would rather not dance any more."

"You are not feeling ill, are you?" he inquired with concern.

"Oh, no, but—" she hesitated. He waited, but she did not conclude her excuse.

"You are not fond of dancing?"

"Sometimes. Not to-night."

A silence fell. He thought it lasted a full two minutes. He found it embarrassing.

"The floral decorations in the ball room," he abruptly remarked, "are very beautiful, don't you think so?"

"Very."

A pause.

"Have you danced much?" he inquired.

"Everything but this dance," she briefly answered, and lapsed into silence.

He moved uneasily and concealed a yawn.

"The sea is quiet to-night," he suggested.

"Yes."

Her responses were so hopelessly laconic and final.

"I am afraid," he said presently, "you will talk till dawn if you don't wrap up. Shall I have your cape brought from the dressing room?"

"Thank you very much—I am perfectly comfortable."

She said no more. Another pause came. She made no attempt whatever to break it.

Man of the world and of society though he was, he felt its awkwardness as she did not seem to. He could have smiled at her naïveté.

"Well," he thought in some despair, "she is what you might call rather difficult." The fact was, he was not accustomed to such frank indifference towards himself from girls.

Evidently she did not care a rap whether he stayed or went. He even suspected that she preferred to be alone, improbable as it seemed.

"Now I shall wait," he obstinately said to himself, "and see how long she will hold out in a silence like this! I can stand it as long as she can. I have made every start so far and she does not help at all. I do not propose to do all the work—she has got to take her turn."

A low, rippling laugh at his side startled him out of his thoughts.

"I am racking my brain for something to say to you," spoke her soft voice. "I cannot think of anything. Here we are—two strangers—I know nothing of you in your mind, and you know nothing of what is in mine; yet it is quite essential that we say something to each other. But I am so tired of speaking platitudes—can't we meet each other on the human plane instead of the conventional?"

What do you answer me? Oh, no," she suddenly added, putting up her hand. "Now I shall wait."

I know you think I am crazy! I was sure I should do it say something rash to-night—I felt it before I came here. Now I have done it; and I suppose I've bewildered you, poor man, and probably you are feeling alarmed at having me on your hands! But never mind—I won't do so any more. It is a pleasant evening, isn't it? It is a nice party, don't you think it is?"

His soul had seemed to leap forth at a bound to meet hers when she spoke. Her sudden change of tone brought a smile to his lips.

"You afford me many pleasant surprises," he quietly remarked.

"Pleasant surprises? You, however, when you tell me that you and I are total strangers. If you really felt that we were, you could not speak to me as you have just now."

"I don't know—I tell you I am reckless enough to-night for anything!"

"You are naturally reserved—you never would reveal a reckless mood on one with whom you did not feel some kinship."

"The sense of kinship was an unconscious celebration," then, Dr. Forney.

"It is strange, isn't it," he said, "how unknown our inner life often is to those with whom we live in closest personal relation? We move at their side through the day, break bread with them, sleep under one roof—but our hands never reach across the gulf of silence which divides us from them, and clasp their hands, so no matter how much we may long for fellowship and sympathy, we go on our starving way alone. But," he went on, "some time, perhaps, some day, the surface, solitary, elemental life to the surface, and then, of a sudden, we look into one another's eyes, we see face to face, we know as we are known, we have found each other."

She lifted her dark eyes and looked at him.

"If each one would sing his note more fearlessly," she said, "I suppose human hearts would find one another more readily."

"But you," he answered, "rarely sing your note at all. You hide your real self."

"It is not naturally my way to show myself up so. But lately," she said, looking away from him and gazing thoughtfully out over the water, "I have had much to think about and very weighty problems to solve, and I know it has made me seem very selfishly unobtainable."

"You have made me misunderstand you," he acknowledged. "But was it to solve your 'weighty problems' that you deserted the party to-night, and came here?"

"No, I was tempted out by the lovely night."

He took a step nearer to her. He liked that she should prefer heaven's own light of moon and stars and silver sea to the gaslight and candlelight within.

"You are a lover of nature?" he said.

"I love the sea, with a very great love."

"A greater love," he said, "than you give to your fellow-beings—you seem to shun them."

"Because nature expresses so much more flawlessly the beauty and loveliness of God's universe, doesn't she? That is why she is so much more satisfactory than people are, and why we like to stand away sometimes, and be at rest with her."

He was sure that never in his experience had such a speech been made to him by a young girl at a party.

"I hope," she went on, "that I do not really 'shun my fellow-beings.' At any rate, I shall be a little more human, I suppose, when once I can get things straightened out—and—"

"Why, here is Dr. Forney!" interrupted a voice, as a man in a tuxedo in the piazza Florence appeared with Lieutenant Dane. "We did not expect to find any one away back here," she said, as they came up to the railing where he and Mira stood.

"She tells me," said Dr. Forney, "that you are here, and I, for one, am too proud to stay under the circumstances. Let us go."

"Oh, I did not mean that!" Florence protested. "Now do not let us drive away this lovely night!"

"Nothing will induce me to stay where I am not wanted," said Forney obstinately.

"Convince him, Mr. Dane, that we do not want him to go," said Florence.

"I cannot perjure myself, Miss Hale."

"Oh, dear me, whatever can a helpless woman do with two such perfectly dreadful persons on her hands! At any rate, don't come to blows. I beg of you."

"I will acknowledge, Forney," said Dane, "that Miss Hale presented to me that her reason for wanting to come out to this retired spot, was to catch a glimpse of a distinguished visitor she here to-night, and whom we thought we saw promising in this direction. My private conviction, however, is that she doesn't really care much for the distinguished visitor. She only wanted to get me off back here alone to 'confer' with me, as we used to say at Cornell when we retired to a corner with one of the girl students!"

"The vanity of some men is colossal!" said Florence. "I did, too, want to see the distinguished Mr. Gaston."

"Nothing but an old Latin Grammar Author. You didn't, either—I don't believe you. Though you come to think of it, he is a widower!"

"Such matters!" she pouted. "Flattery telling me you don't believe me!"

"Mr. Gaston, the author of the Latin Grammar—is he really here this evening?" asked Mira with interest.

"He is," said Dane. "You will know him if you happen to see him. Looks for the world like an Irregular Conjugation—crooked nose, crooked mouth, bow-legged ears—you can't mistake him!"

"I want to see him—I have never seen him, and I don't know what he is like. It does not usually occur to one to wonder, that anything so inanimate as a Latin Grammar can have a real, live author?"

"I used to study his horrid old grammar," said Florence. "When we heard he was here to-night, we went into the library and found a copy of his book and looked through it to see if we could discover what he is like. But he has not even a footnote about himself. How I used to hate that book! I think I can never forgive him for perpetrating it."

"We ought to invite him to take a sail on the bay with us," suggested Dane, "and drown him."

"No!" responded Florence. "The grammar would still go on; we know, and there would be one man less!"

"You are a cool hand," Dane said, regarding her admiringly.

"Come, Miss Rankin," interrupted Forney, "let us ferret out his Where-ness and take a look at him."

"I must go," said Dane. "I think Mr. Rankin and I are engaged for this dance, and—I am sorry, Forney, to have to remind you of your engagements—but you and Miss Hale are down for it too. So let us trade."

"Are you sure?" said Mira, with an ill attempt to conceal her disinclination, at which Forney repressed a smile.

He bore away the lovely Florence on his arm, and involuntarily, as he looked down upon her exquisite beauty, while she walked at his side, he contrasted this face and form with that of the other, indifferent girl with whom he had been talking.

## CHAPTER VI.

FLORENCE HALE'S DIARY.

June Twenty-fifth.

"Something has just happened which I must record at once while it is all fresh in my memory. What a thrilling thing it was, any way! It happened just after the hop last night. We left the hotel at Baring Coast at about three o'clock in the morning, and had a beautiful drive home; it was such a fine night and the coast was so lovely in the moonlight. I was not a bit tired, though I had danced madly. As for that Rankin girl, she wanted to stay out all daybreak; declared she did not want to come indoors at all. But Aunt Louise was so dead tired that Dr. Forney drove fast, and made the drive short. He is always so amusingly fatigued."

"I don't think I shall ever give up my drive home; of course I always see through it; a young fellow like him would not waste much time being so extremely considerate of such a comical old lady as my dear aunt, if he had not an axe to grind."

"To be sure the drive might have been more interesting if there had not been so much to dilute for comfort."

"It was when we had all come in and doors and gone to our rooms and I had slipped out of my gown, put on a dressing-sacque over my robe de chambre, sat away my music, and sat down at my window to have a little think about something which Dr. Forney had been saying to me during the evening—when I happened to catch sight of two figures standing in the moonlight just below the window. A woman, a finely formed, regal sort of a creature, though wretchedly out of a man, tall and fine looking. I recognized the latter at once; it was Dr. Forney. The woman looked as if she had once been a beauty, but she seemed ill now. My curiosity was aroused. I watched them for awhile. Their voices came to me faintly. The woman gesticulated excitedly. Dr. Forney stood with his arms folded, looking at her. I imagine he is not a hardened sinner, though he is a pretty cool one."

"Presently I could not resist the temptation, and I softly raised the sash and laid my ear on the window sill. I could hear every word that they said. And here it was—"

"Only let me see her for one hour!" the woman was pleading pitifully. "Only tell me where you have put her! Oh! Walter Forney! Haven't I suffered enough at your hands? Let me see my baby!"

"I cannot."

"Why can't you? You will not let me see her? You have taken her from me! Why are you so cruel to me?"

"I would be your best friend, if you would let me. I have been only kind to you in taking the child. If you love her you must wish for her best good."

"She will grow up despising her mother. You will teach her to be ashamed of me and to hate me—as you hate me! Walter Forney! Give her back to me! She is my child!"

"Not so loud. You will be heard."

"Yes, I will be heard! I will roar the house! I will expose your villainy to the whole world, and you will hope to marry! She is a woman—she will understand my woe! Oh! give me back my baby!"

"She put her face in her hands and sobbed wildly. My own heart beat suffocatingly. What perfidious wretches men are!"

He said to her: "You shall have the child, and you are willing."

"To go into an insane asylum," she almost shrieked. "No! You shall not entrap me! But I will have my baby in spite of you. You shall not keep her. She is not yours, she is mine, and—"

"Hush! You compel me to be harsh with you—and you know I never will be. I have waited for you to-night at eight o'clock in the morning you must go away. I shall put you on the train. When you get to Boston, if you will go to Brinkton, I will pay all the costs. If you do not, you cannot have your child restored to you. You know as well as I do that this talk about an insane asylum is only a bluff. I am not a fool."

"His tone was quiet and firm. The excited woman seemed to become calmer under its influence. Her head drooped, her hands hung clasped in front of her. All her wild passion appeared suddenly to have gone out of her."

"Give me money then," she said, in a deep, hoarse voice. "I have not a cent. I have eaten nothing to-day."

"Not a penny will I give you. You could buy no food at this hour. In the morning I will get you some breakfast and buy your ticket to Boston. If you are not at the station at eight o'clock—but you dare not disobey me in this. Now," he concluded, "go to bed, and get your hair dressed."

"Give me only a dollar, she pleaded, almost abjectly. 'I must buy food—I am hungry.'

"Where will you buy it?"

"At the inn."

"Do you forget that the last time I took you there you said that you refused to sell us anything?"

"She said nothing. 'Go now,' he added kindly. 'Go home and rest.'

"Home," she said bitterly, as she turned away. "What home have I since you sent me from yours?"

"With an air of contempt as she walked away. He turned, then, and entered the door just below my window."

"I closed the sash and finished undressing for bed—trembling and shivering! That woman's face will haunt me forever. Of how much more so! Of course I could not sleep after witnessing such a scene. I am glad I heard it, though. I shall feel more at ease with Dr. Forney now. He isn't such a saint as I supposed him. I have always had a queer, uncomfortable sense of how much more good he was than I ever met him! He is the only man I ever knew that could make me stand a little in awe of him. But now with this knowledge of his wickedness, I shall feel quite differently. At least I think I shall. I must acknowledge that it makes him more interesting than ever—and he was very fascinating before! I shall make him tell me about this time, after we are married! That is, if we ever are married. Of course, however, I cannot seriously doubt his powers of conquest. The new always

succumb to me. But he is slower coming down than any one I have ever known. There are times when I cannot feel that I hold him enthralled in the least. He has such drive away—and sometimes when they look at me quite steadily, I actually feel, somehow, a blush of myself—and then I hate him! There is something very stand-off about him. He would not always be quite comfortable with me."

Sometimes he is hard to understand. Now why did he freeze up so when I suggested lending Rankin a gown? By the way, I simply cannot get over her having such a sweetly pretty night. It was trimmed with the hop last night, and she really looked quite lovely. I heard several of the men asking who she was. I wish I could walk over and see her. I saw last night. It only lasted Rankin a gown with me! It is awfully hard to keep it to myself. I don't dare tell Aunt Louise. She is too inquisitive. She would be so crazy to understand all about it that she would be sure to betray it."

"Well, I shall have to wait until I go home, and then I shall tell Aunt Louise and ask her what she thinks of it. I can hardly wait until I see her!"

Meanwhile, whether or not to leave Dr. Forney to expect that I know something—shall I? It would be such lots of fun to get him wrought up! I must think about it."

CHAPTER VII.

It was late in the afternoon of the day after the hop, and Forney was still standing along the beach in a lonely region about a mile from the cottage. He looked rather pale and harassed, yet his strong face bore its usual expression of self-command. His solitary ramble in the summer afternoon beside the sea, south, sunlit sea, was soothing his tired nerves, and filling him with that rare consciousness of perfect peace in which one rests absolutely in the present moment and feels content to have it linger forever. So he walked slowly, and with a growing sense of serenity in the beauty around and above him.

"She said she loved the sea 'with a very great love,' he mused. "Miss Hale too, by the way, seemed last night, to show more genuine appreciation of the beauty by which we live surrounded here, than ever before since I have known her. It was agreeably surprised at her genuine enthusiasm on our way home. It was a wonderful night, and she would indeed have been sad, lacking, if she had not been quite cold to it. Miss Rankin, as we drove along, as usual, did not say much, but her face expressed things! I have begun to think she has a speaking face, though I cannot consider her a beauty. What astonishing revelations she makes of herself occasionally! A fascinating little personality, when one comes into real touch with her. But—"

A sound behind him made him suddenly turn. Some distance back in the sandy path which he was traversing, he saw a small girl running towards him. She had shouted to him to "please stop!" She looked like one of the village children, a sun-burned, freckled little one, and she had lost her way, for she looked no more than five or six years of age—a dainty, golden-haired little sprite. He walked to meet her.

"Oh!" she cried, panting, as they came together, "please come!"

"Yes," he said, taking her tiny hand; "where shall I come?"

"To the mother's voice. I have not a cent. I have eaten nothing to-day."

"Not a penny will I give you. You could buy no food at this hour. In the morning I will get you some breakfast and buy your ticket to Boston. If you are not at the station at eight o'clock—but you dare not disobey me in this. Now," he concluded, "go to bed, and get your hair dressed."

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## SPENT A FORTUNE.

"Yes, I am completely cured," said Mr. Jas. Davidson, of Oconto, Ont., in reply to a question, "and I have to thank Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure for my relief."



I suffered from sciatica in the joint of my left hip for sixteen years. For six years of that time I was a Mr. Jas. Davidson, helpless invalid, unable to move about. I was reduced in flesh, and unable to partake of food. I spent every dollar I had in seeking relief, but without obtaining it. I passed through the hands of three Kingston doctors, and each pronounced my case incurable. I took everything people recommended, but without experiencing any benefit. Before I had used half a bottle of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure I obtained relief, but in ten days. In all I took the contents of six bottles, and I am as well and sound as today as I was, except for my short leg which the rheumatism caused.

"Previously I could scarcely walk half a dozen steps, and as I sat down only with great difficulty and pain. When I first began to take the medicine I weighed only 145 pounds. Now I weigh 165 pounds, and am daily gaining weight. I cannot say too much for the medicine, but I ask God's blessing on the man who discovered it, and the good it has done me."

Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is put up in 50 cent bottles, containing ten days' treatment. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

## WANTED HIS FARE RING UP.

An Italian Who Demanded Music of the Street Car Conductor.

The conductor of a Brooklyn trolley car had a peculiar experience with an Italian one night last week. The Italian wanted to ride with a music thrown in for 5 cents. A passenger described the incident:

"I boarded the car with six other passengers, including an Italian, at the suburban end of the road on one of the late trips. The car had gone a short distance when the conductor began to collect the fares. The Italian was on the rear seat, and his money was collected last. Everything went well for him until he was asked to pay his fare. He jumped to his feet and, with his hands at the conductor, the conductor went to the excited man and asked him what the trouble was. The Italian said:

"Me wanta my five cents back." "The conductor told him that he could not have the money. The Italian insisted:

"Every boda gotta music for a five cents, he no got."

"The conductor grasped the situation at once, and, seeing that he was accused of 'nickelism,' started to clear himself. He showed the Italian that there were seven passengers on the car and that number of fares were required. He also explained why the Italian did not get any music for his nickel. He said:

"While collecting the fares in the front part of the car I rang up one fare too much, and if I rang up yours I would be out 5 cents."

"While this explanation was going on the man from Italy was still shouting for his 'five cents,' and did not stop until he got off the car farther down, still jabbering at the conductor."

## SHE WAS ABANDONED.

A Quarter Which a Beggar Was Not to Spend For Drink.

"For God's sake give a hungry man a little money to buy something to eat," entreated a beggar of a woman in West Third street. The woman, who by no means abandoned, but was a little individual to whom he spoke was. She passed on several yards without noticing him, when it suddenly occurred to her that she had been given a stone, or at least a stony stare. So she took 25 cents from her purse and, turning quickly, hurried after a man passing down the street.

"Here," she said, "take this money and hope you will not buy liquor with it."

Before the astonished person to whom she had given the money could utter a word she had disappeared. "I am sure I don't know why young women should run after me on the street to give me money," declared the man, "but I will spend it for drink since the particularly requested me not to."

A few steps farther on he was met by a sly looking fellow who began, "For God's sake, give, give."

"Yes, my money was intended for you. A young woman sent it to you, but you are not to spend it for drink." And he passed on with a light heart, while the beggar tested the quarter as cautiously as an eager glutton at the nearest saloon.

## Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. If neglected, it may lead to serious troubles. For a prompt, efficient cure of headache and all liver troubles, take

## Roo's Pills

While they raise the liver, restore regular action, and prevent the formation of bile, they do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive, tonic effect on all druggists or by mail of C. I. Root & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## ZEB WHITE IN A CAVE

THE POSSUM HUNTER OF TENNESSEE TELLS OF A VISION.

It Was About Coons and Possums by the Hundreds in His Dream, Which, as Events Proved, Was All a Monstrous, Terrifying Vision.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

"The roof of our cabin had been broken for half a year, I reckon," began old Zeb White as I asked him for a story, "but as it didn't rain more'n once a week and as the leak didn't do any great harm I wasn't broke in my back to fix it. The old woman didn't say nuthin' to me, but she got up with a headache and was teary. Seen how I was, I didn't say nuthin' to provoke her, but she burned her hand agin the stove, stubbed her toe and finally bawled out on me with:

"Zeb White, of all the shackley critters on this here Cumberland mound (nobody kin hold a candle to you?) 'Whit's wrong with me?' says I."

"Heaps and heaps of things. This old cabin is reg'larly fallin' to pieces for the want of a day's work, but you ain't nuff to take hold and fix it."

"I'll fix that leak tomorrow."

"That's the old song. You'll go right at it this mornin' or there'll be a row."

"Look here, now," says I, speakin' as softly as I could, "I'll work all day to-



"ARE YOU NAME ZEB WHITE?" "That's my name, 'bout that," said Zeb, but today I've got to go up to them limestone caves. I had a powerful vision last night. In my vision I saw a cave and that cave was chuck full of coons and possums. I can't say what I saw, but I can say that they were, and that was 500 of 'em."

"I don't believe nuthin' of the sort," says the old woman. "You are allus havin' visions 'bout bars and coons and possums, but nobody ever knowed you to be a vision 'bout choppin wood or hoein corn."

"It was right 'bout that," said Zeb, with a smile. "I nixed up on Zeb the same. I answered back purty brisky, and she got me sassy, and so we had a row. I got up from the table and took my gun and whistled to the dogs and started off, and the old woman called out to me that she hoped I'd be clawed by wildcats, and I wasn't yarin' 'bout that vision. I was lyn in my back in bed, eyes wide open, when that vision riz up befo' me, and I seen things so bad that I fell into a tremble. That was a cave full of coons and possums, and I went in and stayed 'em by the hundreds and got 'nuff money out of their skins to buy me a mawl. I wanted to fix that leak, of co'se, but it seemed a powerful win to get that vision go by. I hadn't got more'n half a mile from the house when the dogs began to hang back. The critter allus 'peared to take the old woman's side whenever we had a row. When I noticed him hangin' back, I yelled out to him and grabbed up a club, but he went out of sight like a rabbit. I wanted that dog to hold the mouth of the cave while I went in and slaughtered the varmints, and I jested made up my mind to tell him that I got him. That was three caves, and it was a six mile trip. The middle cave was the biggest, and when I reached it I looked all around for tracks. No one was to be found, but I didn't discourage me. I peered around for a spell and then went in. It was a barren openin, and the cave was dark, but I had brought along a tall candle. I lighted that candle and began to look about me."

"Did not it, but what a fine man kin make of himself when he tries?" "Anybody of sense knows that coons and possums don't go hangin' around caves. That vision was a terrifyin' lie. That cave was as big as half a mile, and I walked all over it and found nuthin'. I was mad and kickin' myself when I started to go on, but I hadn't gone far when the cave 'peared to fall down upon me. Mobber, half an hour later when I opened my eyes and found myself on my back, and it seemed as if one side of my head had been broken. I found my rifle with the stock broken, and I could smell bar all around. It didn't take me long to figger out that a bar had fallen me into the cave and I felted me in the head. In a minit I heard him snuff and I was in around outside the cave, and as I crawled along I found him on guard. He was lyn down fair in the way, and I was his prisoner. He didn't say nuthin' all right, I could hear his rid of him in short order, but it couldn't be fixed."

"As the bar heard me movin' up he showed his teeth and growled in a way to make my hair stand up, and he came in after me, but it was plain 'nuff that he wasn't goin' to let me out. I thought it was best to keep still for a while and see if he wouldn't go away, and, O'ye, he didn't, he kept on and he let that critter went right to sleep. I couldn't get out without steppin over him, and it was too risky to try that."

I kept quiet for two hours, and he never moved. Then I fung a stone at him, and he woke up and growled till I had a chill."

"The critter yell say I order he taken comfort in that cave, but when I found the afternoon wearin away and the bar hangin on I was mighty miserable over that vision. The possums and coons was a powerful grouse for the way I had slaughtered them, and who was to tell what this critter proposed to do? He couldn't stand off any time, he wanted to, but he 'peared to be playin' another game. Bimely it come dark, but he didn't move. I was hungry and thirsty, and I knewed the old woman would be worrin' over though she was mad. The bar didn't move off, however, and at last I softly crept off, but I was so mad and hungry that I jested desperatly at the cave wall and I jested I advanced to the mouth of the cave and yelled for him to come in and heve it out with me. He wouldn't do it. He growled and roared and I looked for the bar, and he was in. It was a queer place to get out and he had all the advantage. I yelled and whooped and flung stones and called him names, but he let me see myself out. Noon come, and he was still there. I had another row with him, and if he'd bin a proper bar he'd heve come in and showed his gut, but he staid outside and growled."

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## THEY TOOK CHANCES.

ALL WERE WILLING TO RISK THE CIRCUS POSTERS AGAIN.

Pop Perkins, the Jericho Postmaster, Took the Posters That Were Tied, the Prior The Were Made and How the Decision Came.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

It was Moses Harper who began it. Some one told him that a circus advertisement wagon was slowly but surely approaching the town of Jericho, and he let the know that he would show up at the postoffice in the evening and have smuthin to say to interest the hull United States. Nobly could guess whether Moses had found a new way of gettin a hired man up at 4 o'clock in the mornin, or a new experiment on growin broomsticks, and the crowd was holdin its breath when he showed up. Moses didn't lose no valuable time in tryin to find out whether Porta Rico belonged to the United States or to tobacco trust, but put on his spectacles and said:

"Citizens of Jericho—The tocsin has sounded, and we are here tonight to consider together in the cause of morality. Last year, as most of you know,



"THE ALLURIN COLORS OF VICE AND DEGRADATION."

Jonas Teachout, whose barn faces the highway a mile outside of this town allowed the circus wagon to paste up pictures on the two sides of the main highway. How many tickets the circus is got in exchange I do not know, and I has nuthin to do with the question. What I'm sayin is that them pictures in my solemn belief, shocked the morals of this community more worse'n an as ten teachers and had opened in the town. The circus wagon is agin approachin. It is creepin along in its sly, insidious way, leavin the blight of destruction in its path, and if sunthin ain't done Jonas Teachout's barn will agin be covered in the allurin colors of vice and degradation. I move that it is the sense of this meetin, and of the community in general, that Jonas be struggled with."

"He got 12 deadhead tickets for the use of his barn, and I don't believe anybody was the wickier for it. If a man can't gaze at circus pictures without goin away and stealin a bar'l of soft soap, then he ain't no man. Did any wife run away from her husband because of circus pictures? Did any husband come with the hired gal because of them?"

"That's a pint," and I says it's a pint! exclaims the deacon as he bustles about. "Them circus pictures was out of barn for two months, but what family was busted up through their infuence? It's for Moses to specify whar vice got its toothhold."

"I ain't sayin that any families was busted up," continues Moses, "but I'm sayin that the general infuence on general morality. A circus picture is nuthin but a picture, but it suggests lemonade and peanuts and whiskey and poker and ben out late nights. They are like poison. You know across it right in the middle of the highway. I hope this meetin and this community air with me and that it will be decided to wrestle with Moses Teachout."

"Moses didn't seem to make a pint of his arguments and lemons," says the deacon as he scratches his ear, "but he was powerful strong on that pizen ivy beln rooted in innocence. I kin almost see whar circus pictures is goin to make a fool of us. I hope I did not of make a fool of myself. I found a soft soap in the barnyard and tried to turn a handspand, and fur about two hours they thought my neck was broke. I'm thinkin that hard cider has more general infuence on general morality in this community than circus pictures."

"It's a pint!" shouts the deacon as he bustles on higher. "I kin almost see whar circus pictures is goin to make a fool of us. I hope I did not of make a fool of myself. I found a soft soap in the barnyard and tried to turn a handspand, and fur about two hours they thought my neck was broke. I'm thinkin that hard cider has more general infuence on general morality in this community than circus pictures."

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have their infuence. Moses, have you got any more arguments?"

"Of what use?" says Moses as he heaves a sigh and turns away. "Wasn't Sodam warned? Did Sodam heed it? When vice stalks rampant through every household in Jericho and innocence is driv' to the fields to sit under a blackberry bush and weep then remember whar the blame is laid. I ain't denyin that hard cider is blar' in our morality, but when you see 'n pictures to hard order whar you get?"

"Yes, Sodam was warned, and Sodam fell," says the deacon as he shakes his head. "But I'd like to hear from Liah Billings on this matter."

"It's purty late," says Liah. "How purty late?"

"Why, Jonas has rented his barn agin and got 21 deadhead tickets, and here's one he give me. How's that for a pint?"

The meetin stool appalled for a minit, and then Deacon Spooner looks around and says:

"Jonas has got 20 tickets left, and that means he has 10 more to give away outside his family. Fellow countrymen, do you take it that this meetin has pledged herself?"

"No, no," shouted the crowd. "It's the opinion of this meetin that Jonas Teachout ought to be wrestled with."

"No, no, no!" "Then I'm appelin directly to Moses Harper. Moses will you withdraw them remarks about the blight of destruction, the allurin colors of vice and innocence weepin under a blackberry bush?"

"I might," says Moses after a little reflection, "but I want to be let down easy."

"It shall be done. I'm offerin the followin resolution to be voted on: Resolved, That circus pictures on a barn may or may not be against the moral standard of a community, but we are willing to chance it this year. All in favor or agin will manifest it in the usual way."

The resolution was carried with a whoop, and the crowd went off to get outdoors and look around for Jonas Teachout and beg for deadhead tickets, and Moses Harper wasn't one of the last.

M. QUAIN.

## HIRED GIRL'S PROGRESS.

Public Showing Wisdom of Seneca Concerning Some Things.

Once upon a time there came into the city from the country a girl. The girl wandered from her happy home to secure employment, and the wealthy families of the city, and when she made known the fact that she was willing to work many persons sought her and implored her to engage with them in domestic pursuits. The girl was overwhelmed with offers, but finally made a selection and settled in a family that valued her services very highly. The girl was happy until one day her employer met a neighbor, a very dear friend, and told her of her good fortune in finding the country girl. And this neighbor met another very dear friend and told her of her other friend's good luck, and thus did it become generally known that there was a good "hired girl" in the neighborhood.

And from that time on the mistress and the girl were unhappy until one day the very dear friend gave the girl \$150 more a week than she was earning in her first place, and in this manner the girl became a happy again, while her mistress, the very dear friend ceased to be on speaking terms. And then the girl became unhappy again until the other very dear friend engaged her at an advance of \$1, and the other dear friend and the first friend ceased to talk over the back fence. And then the good girl wore fine dresses and fine hats, and one day a dashing young man led her to the altar, and now the three friends and the poor country girl are all very happy.

Herald.—Don't talk good about your hired girl.

"Stiller's collar button rolled under the bureau."











## The Old Reliable Remedy for Diarrhoea and Dysentery.



**Grandma** Mrs. Thos. Sherlock, Arran-  
prior, Ont., recently wrote:  
**Used It.** "My little girl, three years of  
age, was taken very bad with diarrhoea,  
and we thought we were in a bad way  
when I remembered that my grandmother  
always used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild  
Strawberry, and that it had saved her life.  
I got a bottle and gave it to my child,  
and after the third dose she began to get  
better and slept well that night. She im-  
proved right along and was soon com-  
pletely cured."

### Through the Sieve.

Nobody will ever charge Sir Claude  
Macdonald with being a quitter.

A gallant soldier is Col. Hughes.  
Yet all Canada cannot help laughing  
at him.

San Hughes must be writing letters  
to his worst enemy. Who else would  
publish them?

Sick Headache and Constipation are  
promptly cured by Burdock Pills.  
Easy to take, sure to cure.

Billy Hohenzollern might read the  
modest speech of the young King of  
Italy with profit to himself.

To remove worms of all kinds from  
children or adults, Dr. Low's Worm  
Syrup is a safe and sure remedy.

Li Hung Chang as Minister Plen-  
ipotentiary is Li Hung Chang still,  
sapient, but an uncertain quantity.

Already nine Victoria crosses have  
actually been given for gallantry dur-  
ing the present war in South Africa.

Lightning struck a policeman in  
Mount Vernon. Astonished citizens  
are wondering how it managed to find  
him.

Kaiser Wilhelm's newest outbreak  
of martial rage occurred just about  
the time he became interested in  
automobiles.

In Paris, during the past twelve  
months 4,000 thieves were arrested,  
and among them was a princess, a  
duchess and a countess.

Rublin is praised for the plucky way  
in which he "took his punishment."  
And it really looked for a while as if  
it was capital punishment.

Norway Pine Syrup cures Coughs,  
Colds, and all Throat and Lung  
Troubles. Price 25 and 50c.

Beiser Rublin is a physical wreck,  
but he will probably survive the prize  
fighting season in New York, which  
will be up September 1 sharp.

Many are of opinion if the American  
eagle decides to get two much mixed  
up with China it may tend to displace  
the owl as the bird of wisdom.

"This now clear that it is not San  
Hughes' fault that the war is not over.  
On Gen. de Villiers the whole blame  
rests. He refused to stay captured."

A farmer who rode on a Michigan  
train has become dumb. (Name of  
road and running time to be furnis-  
hed married men on application to this  
office.)

Wah! Street reports that money is a  
drug on the market. If this sort of  
thing keeps up the most unprofitable  
possession a man can have will be  
money.

It is now King Victor Emmanuel  
instead of King Humbert. The King  
is dead; live long the King! Wherein  
of the anarchists changed the  
situation?

A sea serpent with seven eyes is re-  
ported by an Atlantic City correspond-  
ent, who neglects, however, to tell  
how many eyes the man had who saw  
the creature.

The shirtwaist man has been ruled  
out of court by a Syracuse judge.  
Nevertheless, he may live to have  
cases "tried" by lawyers in that  
summer garb.

The Best Cough Cure is Hagyard's  
Pectoral Balsam. It heals the lungs  
and cures Coughs and Colds.

The New York manufacturer who  
appeared 400 lovely striking shirt  
makers by a compromise and then  
treated them all to ice cream soda must  
be almost as much of a diplomat as  
Hay.

Is that pathetic quizzel between the  
Hon. Jimmie Campbell and Prof. Bob  
Fitzsimmons has been patched up, as  
a result of last Friday's fight, the  
services of Mr. Rublin must not entirely  
be vain.

Query: If it requires six weeks for  
the allied army to march from Tien  
Tsin to Peking, how many years will be  
necessary for the powers to overrun  
four million square miles of Chinese  
territory?

General Joe Wheeler says the Ameri-  
cans are the best fighters the world  
has ever produced. Well, they ought  
to be. They are always at it and al-  
ways will be so long as there are Jani-  
taries and unrelenting cooks.

Millionaire W. B. Leeds paid his  
wife \$1,000,000 to give him up to his  
night marry another woman. It is  
quite evident that she got the best of  
the bargain and received \$800,000.70  
more than he was worth.

The story that President Kruger has  
contributed from half to three-quarters  
of a million pounds sterling, or from  
\$2,500,000 to \$3,750,000 to the Boer  
campaign fund, shows, if true, that  
Oom Paul still has something left to  
fight for.

The latest Vanderhulst baby is  
weighed down with \$100,000 in  
inheritance, but maybe the poor dear  
will live to have a couple of ciphers  
knocked off by his brothers and  
sisters. Anyhow, the child has our  
sincere sympathy.

### LONGING.

In city walls where duty bids me stay  
I long for woodland paths, sweet breath of pine,  
To see again the distant, dazzling line  
Of slender, many-shored, I know not where,  
How far must lie the sea for, far away  
On whose broad breast the sun wrought caprices  
And stars in the wind that breathes of whies;  
How shafts of gold and shifting shadows play  
Beneath cool grasses that sing a slender song  
And clear bird notes are ringing through and  
through.

The peaceful heart of absence, Ah, I long  
For friendly feet that brush against the blue  
And gaze still night to wake the wander stars  
Review the vast procession of stars!

—Robert Hamilton in East and West.

### A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS.

How a Couple Obtained Consent  
to Their Marriage.

"What on earth are we so fearfully?" cried  
pretty Lydia Darrell almost tearfully.  
"I won't marry old Fiebel-Jones—not if all  
the guinea in the world told me to."

"Marry me and defy the old cat!"

"Yes; that's just what I should like  
to do, but one must consider things."

"Yes; I mean money. You see, if  
Aunt Judith had any rational ground  
for objecting to our marriage, if she  
said you drank or were already mar-  
ried—of course I know you are not—  
but I am supposing a case."

"Don't you think you might suppose  
something a little less uncomplimentary?"

"No; certainly not. What does it  
matter in supposing? Well, that it  
would be different, and I should feel  
that, however wrong she might be, she  
really meant well. But when she can  
only say that you are one of the most  
arrogant opponents of all the noblest  
and purest aspirations of our age—"

"which means that she suspects you of  
laughing at her bloomers—why, then, I  
know that it is not me that she is  
thinking of but herself all the time."

"No! I'm quite sure you wouldn't, or I  
should have told you to do it long ago.  
But, for all that, Aunt Judy can do  
what she likes with all my money un-  
til I come of age, and if I marry with-  
out her consent before I am 21 all my  
property goes into trust, with her as  
trustee, and I can allow me as much  
or as little as she likes. If Aunt Judy  
were an ordinary aunt, one might ex-  
pect that she would come round when  
she found out that a dear son really  
loved her. But I know she would be only  
too delighted to get her money for her  
movements and societies, and I should  
never get a penny. So we must wait  
till I am 21."

"If I could only get round her in  
some way. If this was in a novel,  
there would be dozens of ways. I  
should drop on her in a railway ac-  
cident and soothe her last moments with  
my brandy flask."

"You forget that she is a teetotaler."

"If you had met as many teetotalers  
as I have, you wouldn't bet. I know  
one who would do anything for a trifle  
that is stiff with brandy and vermouth,  
though he wouldn't touch either him-  
self out of a glass, or I might be in  
the way when her horses bolted."

"Oh, she doesn't keep any."

"She would in a novel, and I should  
stop them at the risk of my life, and  
she would fall on my neck and call me  
her preserver."

"I should like to see that!" cried  
Lydia, with a delicious trill of laugh-  
ter.

"Judy, you have no imagination."

said Bob Falk, with dignity. "I am  
sure the scene would be most dramat-  
ic, especially if Lady Judy happened  
to be in bloomers. And her remorse  
would be so great that she would give  
her consent written on a visiting  
card, or perhaps my shirt cuff, to pre-  
vent mistakes."

"How can you talk such nonsense!  
But you have given me no idea.  
Couldn't you save her when she is out  
brieling?"

"What from? And how am I to find  
her at the right moment?"

"Well, really I should have thought  
that a man could have arranged all  
that in a minute."

"As if the surest plan would  
be to arrange the accident. One might  
bribe a tramp to attack her and allow  
himself to be driven off by one, and  
then he would probably blackmail me  
for the rest of my life. Or one might  
get a good friend to do the tramp  
part in disguise, only I can't at the  
present moment think of any man who  
would be such a jay. Besides, your  
Aunt Judy is just the kind of energetic  
female who would insist on seeing the  
villain safe in jail after the rescue.  
Then I should have to give myself up  
to save him. The plan is not so bril-  
liant as it seemed at first."

"No; it isn't very far from it. But  
later to me. On Monday, Aunt Judy  
starts on a bicycle ride to Scotland  
alone. She wishes to show that one  
woman in bloomers can go through the  
length of England without coming to  
grief. Now, my idea is that you should  
accompany her."

"My! Do you think she will catch  
on to the elopement?"

"Oh, she is not to know. I will find  
out the route she is to take, and you will  
follow at a distance and keep her in  
sight. Then if she gets into any diffi-  
culties—and I feel sure she will—you can  
rush to the rescue and earn her  
eternal gratitude."

"Supposing she sees me early in the  
junt and smokes the trick?"

"You must take care she doesn't. If  
you keep behind her all the time, she  
won't be able to see you."

Bob Falk was very much in love  
with pretty Lydia Darrell, and he would

have attempted anything that bore the  
smallest promise of advancing the date  
of their marriage. Besides, at that  
moment the young woman of the library,  
who, knowing them by sight and  
divining a love affair, had humbly  
left them alone in the back room for a  
few minutes, returned with an apologetic  
and at the same time decided ex-  
pression.

For one of the results of Lady Ju-  
dith's harsh policy in ordering that  
"not at home" was to be said to Mr.  
Falk and in exercising a strict censor-  
ship over the letters received by her  
niece was that Lydia had hit upon the  
idea of the library as a meeting place,  
and Bob put messages in the agony  
column when he wished to communi-  
cate with her. Lydia of course could  
write to him.

"In consequence of information re-  
ceived as to the possibility of Lady Judy  
starting in pursuit of Lady Judith par-  
tially disguised in a suit of very old  
clothes and a peculiarly villainous  
chop hat."

At the time the quarry had passed  
the one hundredth milestone from Lon-  
don Bob was unable to resist an invol-  
untary feeling of admiration for her  
pluck. She rode like a wildcat, and most  
of her in order to give her time to settle  
the head of the chair which from time  
to time floated round the unaccustom-  
ed spectacle of her bloomers. She kept  
up a steady pace and stuck to her ar-  
ranged route with an accuracy that  
nearly helped the nurse.

At the close of the third day, during  
which she had beaten her previous re-  
cord, Lady Judith stopped at a wayside  
hostelry. Hitherto Bob had avoided  
the hotels which she favored with his  
patronage, but now there was no help  
for it. He must either put up in the  
same building or ride on five miles to  
the next town.

He thought that if he avoided the  
front of the house and effected himself  
among the people in the bar parlor he  
would never notice him. After all, if  
she did she was scarcely likely to sup-  
pose that he was there on her account.

He loitered about for some little  
while in the bar, and as he did so he  
settled down in her place and then walked  
in to the bar. The next minute he emerged  
again with singular alacrity.

"What the devil am I to do? I sup-  
pose they won't have her in the best  
rooms in that set up, and she's too tired  
to go on. If I interfere, it is 10 to 1  
that I do no good and 40 to 1 that she  
only hates me all the more for seeing  
her. It seems brutal to do nothing or  
at least not to try, but no woman could  
force a man who had seen her to settle  
down in her place and then walk in to  
such a plight. By Jove, if there were  
only some evidence! All's fair in love,  
especially in a case like this."

He prowled disconsolately to the  
back of the building, cursing his luck  
and wondering what he should do.  
There he hit upon an individual who  
evidently combined cycling with pho-  
tography.

A brilliant idea sprang up in his  
brain. He engaged the amateur pho-  
tographer in conversation and explain-  
ed his desire. The kodak chattered  
hands, and so did a gleaming yellow  
coin. There was some shuffling of new  
films. Then Bob Falk took hasty snap-  
shots of the back and front of the  
building in order to divert suspicion  
from his real purpose. After that he  
conveyed the kodak to the bar.

Some little time after her return  
from Scotland Lady Judith received a  
very singular letter. It ran:

Dear Lady Judith—I have a dozen of the in-  
closed. What should you recommend me to do  
with them. Yours truly, Bob Falk.

The inclosure was a photograph. She  
removed the silver paper hastily and  
saw. Well, you see, when the landlady  
of that hotel positively refused to ad-  
mit her to any of the rooms used by la-  
dies on the ground that her costume  
would do harm to the establishment,  
she had consented to take her meal in  
the barroom and put up with an attic  
rather than proceed farther in her ex-  
hausted state. She had regretted this  
weakness ever since. She only hoped  
that no knowledge of the fact which  
she had allowed to be heaped upon her  
cause would come to the ears of her  
strong minded sisters.

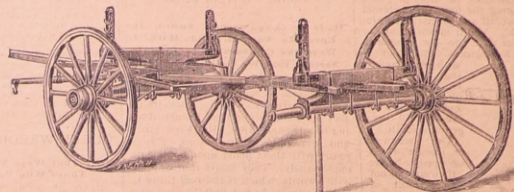
Now she saw before her eyes a visible  
presentation of the scene—herself in  
her morning garments seated at a  
small table to the right discussing  
provisions, to the left a knot of common  
men and the apparatus of the bar. It  
was bad enough to be exiled from her  
proper place. There was the worse  
thought that by her presence in the bar  
she had given tacit encouragement to  
the cause of drink.

Bob Falk married Lydia Darrell with  
her aunt's consent, and no one could  
ever make out why Lady Judith changed  
her mind so suddenly, least of all  
Professor Fiebel-Jones, who thought  
himself aggrieved.

Aunt and niece did not see much of  
each other after matrimony—Madame.

### Card Playing in Church.

Frequent cases of card playing oc-  
curred in churches in olden days in the  
high or curtained family pews that  
were to be found in several parts of  
this country. A case of card playing  
was mentioned by the poet Crabbe as  
having occurred in one of those pews  
in Trowbridge parish church. Mr. Ber-  
esford Hope stated that card playing  
was not uncommon in churches having  
curtained pews, where those occupying  
them were screened from the observa-  
tion of the rest of the congregation,  
and that one of the Georges is credited  
with taking part in a game of whist in  
the church he attended. The church at  
Little Stanmore, in Middlesex, has a  
luxurious room pew which is approach-  
ed by a special door and staircase. The  
old St. Paul's cathedral before the  
great fire of London was used by busi-  
ness men as a sort of exchange. The  
porch was let out to hucksters, and in  
those days gambling and cards were  
both said to have been indulged in  
without let or hindrance within the  
cathedral—London Standard.



### The Advantages of a Finnegan Tubular Axle Over a Solid Steel Axle.

In comparison to the Solid Steel Axle, the Tubular gives a much greater circumference and larger bearing, which on average roads, is well understood to make the draught of the wagon very much lighter.

The Iron or Steel Axle, from its very slight taper, when set to bring the wheel to a plumb spoke, is not level on the bottom side, but inclines down at the point, causing great friction and consequently heavy draft. The best Solid

steel tube, such as the Tubular Axle is made of, can never crystallize.

The Tubular or Hollow Form of Steel or Iron is recognized by all mechanics as far superior in strength to square or round steel, or iron of the same weight per foot, and is due to the principle of the arch, which is generally understood.

### The Advantages of a Finnegan Tubular Axle Over a Skein.

In comparison to the Thimble Skein, to which we must concede the same advantage of large circumference over the Solid Axle, as above stated, for the Tubular, we would call attention to the fact that the particular taper of the bottom side of the bearings, and having never to exceed one-fourth inch gather, allows the wheel to run straight and free on soft, muddy or smooth roads, with the least possible resistance, while the Thimble Skein, owing to its very great taper when set as above, has a gathering which is not level in the wheel, but is inclined up at the point, causing a level bearing in the wheel.

The Tubular Axle Spindles are finished as round and true as the finest Coach Axles, while all Skeins must, from the process of their manufacture, vary in size and be imperfect in shape, causing more or less friction and heaviness of draft.

### The Advantages of a Finnegan Tubular Axle Over a Wooden Axle.

Tubular Axles, of course, can neither decay nor warp as Wooden Axles frequently do, destroying their "set" and again adding to their draft.

The Tubular Axle being made of steel, hammered while very hot, under a spray of cold water, gives a bearing so smooth and so hard that years of use show no appreciable wear.

They are provided with cast boxes of the best quality of gray iron, which gives them the advantage of the well-known pair of two metals of different texture, wearing upon each other, do so with much less friction than when of same material.

### Strength of Tubular Axles.

To break a tube, power enough must be applied to crush or "buckle" it on one side, before it can open on the opposite side; therefore, unless there is a flaw in the metal (which is nearly impossible, as we test every piece), The Tubular Axle is many times stronger than any other make of Axle, or any part of the wagon.

A Broken Tubular Axle (of proper thickness), such is manufactured by us, can hardly be found; they will invariably stand a heavier strain or shock before springing than will break either a Solid Steel or Hickory Axle of the same estimated capacity. It is well to know in this connection that in case of one being sprung it can be heated and bent back to its original shape in just the same manner as a Solid Axle, and is no more liable to spring at the same place again than at any other point.

### Purchasers are Not Buying an Experiment.

We began the manufacture of Hollow Axles in 1868, and for twenty years used iron pipe. Since its invention in

1888, we have used Steel Tubing exclusively in all styles of Axles.

All will acknowledge that experience is better than theory; we declare that by scientific tests on level roads, mountain roads and deep mud roads, wagons with the Tubular Axles, properly set, show an average of thirty per cent. lighter draft than the best Solid Axle and Skein Wagons. This is also confirmed by hundreds of drivers and owners of wagons.

Do not confound our goods with the light "re-enforced" Hollow Axle made in imitation of the "Finnegan," and extensively advertised, but secure the old reliable thick steel Tubular Axle Wagons, made by

JOHN FINNEGAN & SON,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

## To the Insuring Public

I beg to announce that I have been appointed  
Agent for Deseronto and vicinity for the following  
Stock Companies:

Anglo-American Fire Insurance Co.  
Berlin Fire Insurance Co.  
Canadian Fire Insurance Co.  
Equity Fire Insurance Co.  
Victoria-Montreal Fire Insurance Co.  
Traders' Fire Insurance Co.  
Merchants' Fire Insurance Co.

These Companies are non-tariff and are pre-  
pared to do business at reasonable rates and with  
good security.

I will furnish further particulars next week;  
meantime, I am prepared to quote rates and give  
other necessary information on application at my  
office.

W. GEO. EGAR.















# NEW FALL GOODS

ARE COMING TO HAND

But We Have Still Some Lines of SUMMER GOODS to Clear Out.

We are just cutting the price of many lines in two.  
Call and see what we are doing.

## R. MILLER,

AGENT QUINTE STREAM LAUNDRY.

## Suits with Character



You want your clothes to reflect your individuality.  
You can have them so only by placing your order with a tailor who knows how to put individuality and style into your garments.

The style and fit will suit you, we are sure. The new suitings are more than ordinarily attractive.

## WM. STODDART, TAILOR

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

### MARYSVILLE.

Miss Minnie and Master Cameron Lee, of Napanee, spent last week as the guests of Mrs. A. Exley.

Miss Maggie McKeown, of Deseronto, is visiting at P. McAlpine's this week.

Miss Tessie Shannon spent Saturday evening in the village.

F. A. Burlingham spent Thursday and Friday of last week in the village.

Jas. McAlpine visited Napanee on Saturday last.

F. Hazel and cousin, Miss Irene Ryan, of Brimley, Mich., are visiting at M. Ryan's.

Miss Lily Exley is visiting friends in Napanee.

F. Hazel and Misses Irene and Mabel Ryan spent a few days of last week in Napanee.

Miss Mabel Alexander, who has been visiting friends in Malvern, returned home on Thursday last.

Misses Nellie and Lena Stapleton, of Deseronto, are renewing acquaintances in the village this week.

Sister M. Ross, of Lima, nee Minnie Brickley, spent a few days of last week with her brother, Jas. Brickley.

### MELROSE.

Rev. W. P. Garrett, of Ottawa, is visiting his cousin, W. T. Fleming, at J. A. Collins' spent Wednesday in Belleville.

The lawn social under the auspices of the Methodist Church League was a grand success.

Miss Sessmith, of Selby, is the guest of Mrs. W. T. Fleming this week.

Boys, what's the matter with base ball?

H. Hill spent Wednesday in Belleville.

The Rev. D. O. McArthur returned home after a three weeks' visit to the west.

John Danill has the job of painting the Presbyterian church.

There is talk of a bicycle factory being built at Melrose. Who is the man?

Miss Gora Reid, of Thorndon Mines, is the guest of Mrs. U. F. Fling on Monday.

Ferg. McFarlane, of Shannonville, was in the village on Monday.

Our grist mill is running full blast now after the summer's rest.

### GREEN POINT.

J. W. Simpson, M. D. of Napanee, spent Friday at Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gurnea's.

Miss Joanne Marsh, of Deseronto, is spending a week visiting friends in neighborhood. She also made a trip to the Brook on Sunday.

A. Harold Curran spent a few days at Fish Lake, visiting his aunt, Mrs. Milton Foster.

Nearly everyone of this district attended the dedication of the new church at Bethesda, on Thursday last, which was a great success.

On Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, of Napanee, gave a very instructive

### WESTBROOK.

The farmers of this vicinity are nearly done harvesting and the threshing machines are beginning their work once more.

Miss Edith Sproule entertained a number of her young friends on Wednesday afternoon in honor of her friend, Miss Wager, of Enterprise, who is visiting here.

Miss Flanagan, of Kingston, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Horton Leona, of Alexandria Bay, was the guest of D. Sheehan for a few days the past week.

A little girl has come to reside permanently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Howie.

The pupils of the Methodist Sabbath school will hold their annual picnic on Tuesday next.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist church held a successful lawn social on the grounds of E. Gates Tuesday evening.

Miss Loretta Mowher, of Marysville, is spending a couple of weeks at the home of her grandfather.

Mrs. T. Sproule, who has been ill, is better.

### SAURIN.

Don't be a stumped!

Mr. Volmer spent his vacation in the harvest field, studying practical agriculture. He returned to his school on Monday, feeling more able to impart knowledge, and to sway the rod of correction.

The pea crop in this township is the best that has been grown for a number of years.

Farmers are jubilant over the fact that crops are good, prices good, and farm produce in good demand.

Mr. Lillycroft died suddenly last week of heart disease.

Miss Robertson, of Newmarket, and Miss McLean, of Mississauga, have been engaged as teachers for the Elmville public school.

Editors are only men after all. They need rest and refreshments; and of course there was no Chronicle published in Elmville last week.

Mr. Gadd, local editor, day, named the public that he intended to take his holidays, and so leaving his devil in the office, he hastened to the summer resort at Onondaga where he has a commodious cottage, boat house, boats, etc., and perhaps a gun. We expect their weeks' Chronicle to be double the size, twice as many, and contained full adventures, so try and obtain a copy, as no doubt, it will be interesting.

### ALBERT.

Miss Mary Ford, who has been visiting friends in Belleville, has returned home.

Miss Mabel Ryan, of Marysville, Miss Irene Ryan and E. Hazel, of Bay Mills, Mich., are visiting at Stephen Coffey's.

Miss B. Boyle has been engaged as teacher in Separate S. S. No. 18.

Miss Rose Sady, of Thorow, reopened her school here on Monday last.

Messrs. Peter and David Sullivan spent Saturday and Sunday in Belleville.

Mr. Anderson, who has been ill, is slowly recovering.

Mary Ryan and Miss Jennie Ryan, of Marysville, spent Sunday in this vicinity.

Miss Annie Beaman entertained a number of young friends one evening this week.

Miss Josephine Murphy, of Rochester, was visiting at Michael Williams' last week.

Miss Walsh, of Toronto, is the guest of Miss M. Williams.

Miss Pargy, who has been visiting friends here, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hart spent Sunday at William Buckley's, Halston.

Miss Vincent Corrigan is the guest of Joseph Donoghue, Marysville.

### STRATHOONA.

J. Garrison has returned home very sick with fever.

C. McDonald and W. Galena are very ill. The doctor has hopes of their recovery.

A number of cases are reported with fever.

P. J. Rose, of Pleton, is the guest of his son, Ross, this week.

Mr. Rose returned to her home at Madoc after a long and pleasant visit with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin spent Sunday at Louise.

The Misses Martin have returned home.

We hear the merry shout of the school boys again.

P. D. Sherry is head teacher, Miss Lam assistant.

J. Macken, J. Boyer, A. Granger and P. Dunn have gone to the woods in search of berries; look out for big berry sticks.

J. Casselein and J. Derkin is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Denyes and Mrs. Oshawa are the guests of Mrs. J. Neely.

Mr. Neely is falling fast.

Miss Lott and the Miss Currier spent Sunday at Mr. Wells'.

Strong Government in China.

Washington, Aug. 22.—The reply of the United States Government to Li Hung Chang says in brief, that this Government cannot enter upon negotiations until there is a Government in China which can prevent the hostilities of Chinese troops and Chinese citizens against the forces of the powers. The text of the reply has been communicated to the other Governments.

### To Protect Shanghai.

New York, Aug. 23.—The Executive Committee of the American Asiatic Association have received the following cablegram from the American Association of China at Shanghai and forwarded it to the Secretary of the United States Asiatic Squadron.

"The situation in Shanghai is becoming increasingly critical, military estimates 15,000 troops needed effective to protect Shanghai; urge Government immediately to send quota."

### GOOD SHOOTING.

O.R.A. Matches on Wednesday—Sergeant McColley of New South Wales Army Corps a Visitor at the Match.

Long Branch Camp, via Toronto, Aug. 23.—The most interesting visit of the O.R.A. this year is Sergeant J. McColley of the New South Wales Army Medical Corps, a famous rifle shot, with a most distinguished record in the Australian columns. Sergeant McColley has just arrived from the British and Scottish rifle matches, being placed second among the Canadians at Bisley to come over and try his luck in the O.R.A. and D.R.A.

The shooting conditions yesterday were again favorable, the light being bright and clear and the wind from the southwest light, but fresh. The scoring was again of a high order, several possibilities being made in the "Order" and "Corporation" matches (first stage) and no less than sixteen double possibilities in the extra series matches, with unlimited entries.

### The "Riggers" Meeting.

The semi-annual meeting, known as the "Riggers" meeting, was held in the pavilion at 1:30 and was attended by about 100 riflemen.

The Order match, open only to the rank and file of the active militia, seven rounds at 500 yards; possible 35. Possibilities were made by these shots: P. T. Amerson, 21st, 21st, 21st, 21st, 21st, 21st, 21st.

Extra Series—800 yards.—The following competitors have scored possibilities: P. J. C. Dixon, 21st, 21st, 21st, 21st, 21st, 21st, 21st.

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Extra Series—800 yards























## WILD BEASTS IN BATTLE.

## Two Panthers and a Sea Lion in a Fight to the Death.

Among all fighting wild beasts perhaps the most terrible are those in which the combatants belong to different elements. The struggle then seems peculiarly wanton and unnatural. Not long ago two men on a small island off the Californian coast declare that they witnessed such a battle. The men were amusing themselves watching the antics of a number of sea lions on a reef when all at once the creatures began to bellow in alarm and dived into the water. One huge fellow alone stood his ground and moved his head slowly, as if watching.

A moment later the men saw creeping from the shadow of a rock two large panthers, which had evidently swum over from the mainland in quest of prey.

Simultaneously the panthers leaped upon their enemy and a terrible combat ensued. For nearly 30 minutes it went on, the reef was skirted with cries of fear.

Twice the lion struck a panther squarely with his flipper and knocked him a dozen feet away. But the great cat kept on his work, and finally one of them lurched his teeth in a flipper of the sea lion, and tore it off with a single savage tug.

Believing hoarsely with pain and anger, the lion caught the panther by the throat between his jaws and dragged him into the water, but the big brute was weak from loss of blood. The panther escaped, and with its mate, swam off for the mainland across the narrow channel, while the sea lion struggled out toward the ocean to die.

The men went down to examine the field of battle. A hole deep enough to hold a horse had been dug in the soft mud, while the shore was stained blood red.

## FORGET BUSINESS AT NIGHT

## That Is the Only Way to Be Sure of Doing Your Best Work.

"Every business man of common sense knows, whether he chooses to acknowledge it or not, that the farther away he gets in the evening from his commercial associations during the night, so that his business associates or thoughts of it or them cannot get to him, the healthier he is, the wiser life he leads—in short, the better off he is in every respect and the abler for the duties of the day."—The *Forward*.

"Now, what does he get in the city in the evening, even if he lives a carefully regulated life? There is no mode of life he can possibly follow which is in any way recuperative to his mental or physical being. He has never been out of hearing of the noises of the city or out of the range of its lights. Every night he has slept in the polluted air of the city and in the morning has looked out on the gray sidewalks which he sees all day long. What does such a man know of the exhilarating, refreshing and blood quickening experience of opening the shutters of his chamber window upon a landscape of space and sunshine? And what, as far worse, when he is in his wife and children know of such a blessing?"

"Yet he deludes himself into the belief that he must live in the city, so as to be 'in touch with things.' If you ask him what those 'things' are, you invariably discover that they are of a business nature, either strictly business or some social conversation which he feels has a bearing on his business. But it is always business, business! Now, a man living under this pressure rarely does his best work, although he fully believes that he is doing it. But he cannot be giving out the best because he does not allow the best to get within him."

**How to Have Genius Rewarded.** The artist was bewailing his luck. "My paintings are gems," he said. "Even the critics admit that, but I can't get any prices for them."

"Of course not," returned the man of business. "You see, the trouble with you is that you are alive, and genius is rewarded only after death. Now, if you could arrange to die."

"But how could I profit by that?" demanded the artist.

"Let me finish," said the man of business. "If you could arrange to die temporarily, your fortune would be made. Just make me the executor of your estate, drop out of sight for awhile and you will have both fame and money. The trouble with you artists is that you have no head for business."

"You will be written up and lauded, and all the paths of your struggle for recognition will be brought out, and people will just fall over themselves to get your paintings. Just give me a chance to kill you off, and I'll have you rolling in wealth."

**Settled the Trap.** A certain Glasgow lawyer was fond of setting traps for workmen who might happen to be working to or about his house by leaving money or some valuable article about. A workman, well aware of this fact, found a half crown lying on the floor of one of the rooms. He smiled as he said to himself, "I know what that's for," and, taking a brace and a bit from his bag, he drilled a hole in the coin, and putting a large screw in it, he fastened it securely to the floor. The lawyer has not set any traps since.—*London Telegraph*.

**He Went.** He—Half past 11! Isn't that clock fast?  
She—I think not.  
He—Well, I guess my watch is like myself. It is slow.

She—But it is not exactly like you.  
He—Indeed?  
She—No. It goes.

## A WOMAN'S FACE

## PLAINLY INDICATES THE CONDITION OF HER HEALTH.

BEAUTY DISAPPEARS WHEN THE EYES ARE DULL, THE SKIN SALLOW, AND WRINKLES BEGIN TO APPEAR—HOW ONE WOMAN REGAINED HEALTH AND COMELINESS.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwards, but it is nevertheless these constant little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. The effect may be noticed in sick or nervous headaches, flicker appetite, a feeling of constant weariness, pains in the back and loins, or in a sallow complexion, and the coming of wrinkles, which every woman who desires comeliness dreads. To these thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure: a restoration of color to the cheeks, brightness to the eye, a healthy appetite, and a sense of freedom from weariness.

Among the thousands of Canadian women who have found new health and new vigor through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Francis Poirier, of Valleyfield, Que.

Mrs. Poirier was a sufferer for upwards of seven years; she had taken treatment from several doctors, and had used a number of advertised medicines, but with no good results. "For years," she says, "I suffered as I did. I can understand the misery I endured for years. As time went on and the doctors I consulted, and the medicines I used did not help me, I despaired of ever regaining health. There were very few days that I did not suffer from violent headaches, and the least exertion would make my heart palpitate violently. My stomach seemed disordered, and I could not eat. I was very pale, and frequently my limbs would swell so much that I feared that my trouble was of a serious nature. I had almost constant pains in the back and loins. It was while I was in this sad condition that I read in *La Presse* of the cure of a woman whose symptoms were much like mine. Through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I told my husband and he urged me to try them, and so I got me three boxes.

Before I had used them all I felt better, and I got another supply of the pills. At the end of the month I was well enough to go to my household work, and before another month had passed I had entirely recovered my health. I am sorry that I did not hear of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sooner, for I know that they would have saved me several years of sickness and misery, and I feel that I cannot too strongly urge other sick women to use them."

The condition indicated in Mrs. Poirier's case shows that the blood and nerves needed attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted to cure the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Through the use of these pills, the blood is enriched, the nerves made strong, and the rich glow of health brought back to pale and allow cheeks. There would be less suffering if women would give these pills a fair trial. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Three starch companies have formed a stiff combine.

**It Girdles the GLOBE.** The fame of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It is the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Bruises, Sores, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Felons, Aches, Pains and all Skin Eruptions. Only infallible Pile cure. 25c a box at W. G. Eggar's drug store.

**Best Remedy in the World for Catarrh.** Miss Bessie McK. Kennedy, of Kingston, N.B., says: "I have used Catarrhine for Catarrh and think it is the best remedy in the world for that disease." Catarrhine is a new scientific treatment that cures Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and irritable throat. Very pleasant and effective to use. Catarrhine has no deleterious drugs. Catarrhine is for sale by all reliable druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. O. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

Parisians have invented a new airship. The Parisians are very fly.

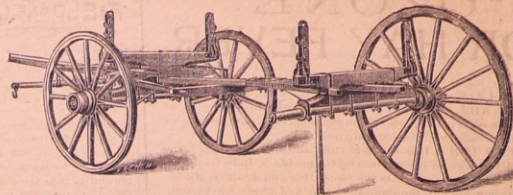
**A Certain Remedy for Corns.** And one always to be relied upon, is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, sure and always painless. Nearly fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of such. Get Putnam's at druggists.

"The difference between a cow and our milkman," remarked a Westmount lady, "is that a cow gives pure milk."

**ALMOST A MIRACLE.** STRANGE CASE OF KIDNEY DISEASE REPORTED IN SMITH'S FALLS.

Smith's Falls, Aug. 27.—One of the most remarkable cures ever performed by Dodd's Kidney Pills was that of Mrs. George Barnes, of this town. Mrs. Barnes was afflicted with Enlarged Weakness and Urinal Trouble resulting from Kidney Disease. The disease of sight and hearing for at times Mrs. Barnes would be exceedingly deaf and short-sighted.

Mrs. Barnes gives an account of her case for publication: "I have consulted a doctor," she writes, "who gave me medicine that seemed to make me worse at times. I was told of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I got one box. I have used part of the box and am completely cured, and strange to say both my hearing and eyesight are now unaffected."



## The Advantages of a Finnegan Tubular Axle Over a Solid Steel Axle.

In comparison to the Solid Steel Axle, the Tubular gives a much greater circumference and larger bearing, which on average roads, is well understood to make the draught of the wagon very much lighter.

The Iron or Steel Axle, from its very slight taper, when set to bring the wheel to a plumb spoke, is not level on the bottom side, but inclines down at the point, causing great friction and consequently heavy draft. The best Solid Axle sooner or later crystallize and break near the collar; whereas, for well-known mechanical principles, a wrought steel tube, such as the Tubular Axle is made of, can never crystallize.

The Tubular or Hollow Form of Steel or Iron is recognized by all mechanics as far superior in strength to square or round steel, or iron of the same weight per foot, and is due to the principle of the arch, which is generally understood.

## The Advantages of a Finnegan Tubular Axle Over a Skein.

In comparison to the Thimble Skein, to which we must concede the same advantage of large circumference over the Solid Axle, as above stated, for the Tubular, we would call attention to the fact that the particular taper of the arm of the Tubular Axle is such that, when properly set, to bring the wheel to a plumb spoke, it is level on the bottom side of the bearings, and having never to exceed one-fourth inch gather, allows the wheel to run straight and free on soft, muddy or smooth roads, with the least possible resistance, while the Thimble Skein, owing to its very great taper when set as above, has a bearing which is not level in the wheel, but is inclined up at the point, causing friction as above stated. Thus both Solid Axles and Thimble Skeins lose the vast advantage of the Tubular, which has a level bearing in the wheel.

The Tubular Axle Spindles are finished as round and true as the finest Coach Axles, while all Skeins must, from the process of their manufacture, vary in size and be imperfect in shape, causing more or less friction and heaviness of draft.

## The Advantages of a Finnegan Tubular Axle Over a Wooden Axle.

Tubular Axles, of course, can neither decay nor warp as Wooden Axles frequently do, destroying their "set" and again adding to their draft.

The Tubular Axle being made of steel, hammered while very hot, under a spray of cold water, gives a bearing so smooth and so hard that you can show no appreciable wear.

They are provided with cast boxes of the best quality of gray iron, which gives them the advantage of the well-known principle, that two metals of different texture, wearing upon each other, do so with much less friction than when of same material.

## Strength of Tubular Axles.

To break a tube, power enough must be applied to crush or "buckle" it on one side, before it can open on the opposite side; therefore, unless there is a flaw in the metal (which is nearly impossible, as we test every piece), the Tubular Axle is many times stronger than any other make of axle, or any part of the wagon.

A Broken Tubular Axle (of proper thickness), such as manufactured by us, can hardly be found; though will invariably stand a heavier strain or shock before springing than will break either a Solid Steel or Hickory Axle of the same estimated capacity. It is well to know in this connection that in case of one being sprung it can be heated and bent back to its original shape in just the same manner as a Solid Axle, and is no more liable to spring at the same place again than at any other point.

## Purchasers are not Buying an Experiment.

We began the manufacture of Hollow Axles in 1868, and for twenty years used iron pipe. Since its invention in 1888, we have used Steel Tubing exclusively in all styles of Axles.

All will acknowledge that experience is better than theory; we declare that by scientific tests on level roads, and on hard and heavy strain or shock before springing than will break either a Solid Steel or Hickory Axle of the same estimated capacity. This is also confirmed by hundreds of drivers and owners of wagons.

Do not confound our goods with the light "re-enforced" Hollow Axle made in imitation of the "Finnegan," and extensively advertised, but secure the old reliable thick steel Tubular Axle Wagons, made by

JOHN FINNEGAN &amp; SON,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

## To the Insuring Public

I beg to announce that I have been appointed Agent for Deseronto and vicinity for the following Stock Companies:

Anglo-American Fire Insurance Co.  
Berlin Fire Insurance Co.  
Canadian Fire Insurance Co.  
Equity Fire Insurance Co.  
Victoria-Montreal Fire Insurance Co.  
Traders' Fire Insurance Co.  
Merchants' Fire Insurance Co.

These Companies are non-tariff and are prepared to do business at reasonable rates and with good security.

I will furnish further particulars next week; meantime, I am prepared to quote rates and give other necessary information on application at my office.

W. GEO. EGAR.

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

In these days of imitations it is well for everyone to be careful what he buys. Especially is this necessary when a matter of health is involved.

There are so many imitations of Doan's Kidney Pills on the market—some of them absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name and the trade mark of the Maple Leaf are on every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pills, which has cured so many severe cases of kidney complaint in the United States, Australia and England, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

## Through the Sieve.

How to keep game from spoiling: Don't shoot it. This treated it will keep for years.

Sick Headache and Constipation are promptly cured by Burdock Pills. Easy to take, sure in effect.

To Remove Worms of all kinds from children or adults Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is a safe and sure remedy.

The politicians have had a lot to say about the other trusts. Now let the girls chew on the latest—caramel trust.

Another disgraceful riot has taken place in the States, this time in Illinois. The Boxers are not all in China by any means.

Norway Pine Syrup cures Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 25 and 50c.

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The delegate who rose to a point of order after sitting down on the aggressive end of a pin, was assured by the chairman that the point was well taken.

"Some people may be fast asleep, but they are slow when awake," observed a St. James Street man as he waited an hour for his office boy to do a five minute job.

"Listen!" he said, on his arrival from a Murray Bay vacation. "I saw the monster trout under a root. He took the fly and then my rod went like lightning. My rod was using a lightning rod!" she inquired, meekly.

"A man is in luck if he lends a friend an umbrella and lives long enough to get it back," said a Sherbrooke Street man yesterday just after he had telephoned a friend merely to tell him he was going out of town.

The Montreal Herald compares Sam Hogg to Sir John Falstaff. Well, according to Shakespeare, Falstaff was very fond of sack and Sam refused it when Hutton tried to force it on him. The same thing details they may be alike, though.

A Manitoba editor recently wrote an article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of 16 are partial to beaus." The compositor, however, set it up, "Girls of 16 are partial to beaus," and the proof-reader, who was a heartless old bachelor, let it go at that.

Lost—A gray-blue cow, Friday afternoon. Information will be received with pleasure at No. 128 Brewster Ave., St. Henry, or at St. Henry Police Station. If the owner would disclose what color milk his gray-blue cow was in the habit of giving, it would, no doubt, interest quite a number.

The New Westminster lacrosse team having trimmed everything in sight, it would seem as if it were time, for some of the Eastern clubs to rise and put it all over them. While it is pleasing to know that their trip was not in vain, we would all hate to have them pay freight rates that they way home on the large impression that they were the whole thing.

George Phalen ordered beans at the Dakota hotel. Then he changed his mind and told the waiter to take them back. A stranger, at the same table, apparently became angry, and, drawing a revolver, forced Phalen to eat every bean. When the beans were torn the stranger went out. The waiter is looking for him.

The darling of a Montreal family, six three, was saying his prayers the other evening, when his sister trod on his bare toes in his boots. Fired with pain and indignation, but, with a proper sense of reverence, not wishing to break off his supplications too abruptly, he continued: "My God, use me for a minute until I knock stuffing out of Birdie."

A good looking man and woman. A lady says in the kind of a conversation.

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